

# *The* Silent Worker

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR ALL THE DEAF

TOUR OF MEXICO



HOME OFFICE NOTES



TRACK

- 1960 Prep Stars
- 1961 Games Team
- National Records



TRACKMAN OF THE YEAR . . . See Page 33

50c Per Copy

SEPTEMBER, 1960

# The Editor's Page

## Minnesota Association First with Quota

On July 25, 1960, the N.A.D. Home Office received a check for \$825.00 from Treasurer Howard A. Johnson of the Minnesota Association of the Deaf, paying in full the quota set for the Minnesota Association for the year 1960-61. Thus Minnesota became the first state to pay its quota.

When the check was received from Minnesota, someone on the N.A.D. office staff remarked, "Minnesota is always first," recalling that in 1957 when the new N.A.D. Reorganization Plan was submitted to the state associations, Minnesota was the first to ratify, topping Oklahoma by about one hour.

Sensing that his state would be first in line, Mr. Johnson wrote, "We are proud of our state," and President Burnes of the N.A.D. replied that the N.A.D., too, was proud of Minnesota.

## Colorado Second

Following close on the heels of Minnesota, the Colorado Association of the Deaf sent in its full quota of \$238.50 on July 27, so Colorado is an honored second.

The prompt remittance by these two fine Associations are encouraging to all who work for the N.A.D. With such excellent cooperation all along the line, the N.A.D. will be in position to accomplish the many things expected of it in serving the cause of all the deaf. We understand that the Tennessee Association of the Deaf, at its recent convention, also voted to send in its full quota of \$279.00.

## Contest for a New Name

Last month we discussed the proposal to change the name of THE SILENT WORKER. In the meantime a poll has been taken of the N.A.D.'s Executive Board. While all agreed that the present name was inappropriate, the Board Members were unable to come up with an acceptable title.

Several suggestions have been received from our readers. Now we wish to announce a contest for a new name with a December 1 deadline. Entries will be recorded according to postmarks. After the closing date, suggested names will be submitted to the Executive Board. If any of the names

is chosen for the magazine, a three-year subscription will be awarded. If the winning name is submitted more than once, the earliest postmark will govern the award.

Send suggestions to the Editor, please.

## Merits of Chapter System For State Associations

Many of the state associations of the deaf have found the chapter system of organization very successful. It is difficult to maintain interest on the local level without such a setup. Many local problems can best be met at the chapter level, and state associations can enroll members who do not attend the state conventions, usually biennial affairs.

We believe the chapter system will be highly beneficial to the National Association of the Deaf, too. The objectives of the N.A.D. can be made known to thousands more.

Another potential of chapters is organization of all local groups into a "federation" having all the deaf of a given community participate through representation of some sort.

## Letter to the Editor

Editor, THE SILENT WORKER:

The Editor's Page of the July issue has come to my attention. I am particularly interested in two words. They crystalize the true facts how things can be done and accomplished in as short a time so possible. POSITIVE THINKING AND OPTIMISM are the main factors in recruitment of more membership and proper organization of collective groups. You may have heard some wonderful stories about the California Association of the Deaf and its membership growth at a fast pace after years of inertia.

On my part I don't wish to dramatize every phase of association activity. I always radiate optimism on each occasion. It occurred to me that the disinterested parties drop the mask of indifference when I speak the right things straight about our Association's aims. I realize how it had been sorely lacking in unity and action. I rely upon resourcefulness and power of persuasion to rally the reluctant and pathetic people who feel that their

(Continued on Page 34)

## The Silent Worker

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## Exploring Mexico With the Dauntless Forty-Four

By W. T. GRIFFING

Dear children, you are about to read the adventures of the Dauntless Forty-Four, those brave travelers who toured Mexico searching for the fabled cities of gold. They did not find them, but each one dropped enough pesos which, if all were placed end to end, would stretch clear across the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, finally coming to rest, a bit tired, as they approached the Great Salt Lake. They learned that tequila, a colorless brake fluid, possesses the kick of sixty irate mules, and a few of them believe that Cortez, had he taken a sip of it, would have been more inclined to run up and down those steps of the Pyramid of the Sun, afterwards taking a sprint around the Temple of Quetzalcoatl.

The trip got under way officially on July 10 at San Antonio where a special car of the Missouri Pacific took the travelers to Nuevo Laredo where occupancy of two special Pullmans of the National Railways of Mexico was ready and waiting. Just in case you are curious about the identity of the forty-four, we hasten to oblige you: Dr. and Mrs. B. B. Burnes, Berkeley; Don G. Pettingill, Lewiston, Idaho; Millie Ann Long, Oklahoma City; Dorothy Ann Stahmer, Enid, Oklahoma;

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinkley, Indianapolis; H. J. Soland, Jr., New Orleans; Harold Kistler, Overland Park, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Griffing, Sulphur, Oklahoma; Winnie M. Hereford, Riverside, California; Josephine E. Hartzell, Akron; Oscar Williams, Akron; Harry Suckle, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Jones, Indianapolis; Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Johnson, Faribault, Minnesota; Lavern Brown, Oklahoma City; Rachel Wood, Oklahoma City; Margaret Sprinkel, Richmond, Virginia; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene McConnell, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wiggers, Evansville, Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Cherry, Norfolk, Virginia; Steve Goodin, Indianapolis; Mrs. Billie Sharp-ton, Elk City, Oklahoma; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Moeller, Mt. Park, Oklahoma; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Armstrong, Memphis, Tennessee; Mina Munz, Hudson, Kansas; Willa Field, Wichita, Kansas; Florence A. Stack, Olathe, Kansas; Ione Dibble, Denver; Lawrence German, Jr., Cleveland, Tennessee; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Crossen, Columbus; Pauline Case, Grove City, Ohio; Mary Jo Schuer, Chillicothe, Ohio; and Mina Jo Gray, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Of the forty-four, exactly half of them chartered a special plane at

Dallas to fly Trans-Texas into San Antonio early the morning of July 10. Lawrence did not show up to claim his plane reservation, thus his seat was sold to a hearing man, the lone passenger whose ears were worth more than a plugged nickel. We hope he did not think that he was going to contract deafness! Most of the others drove to San Antonio by car, while some elected to ride the choo choo or the bus. It did not matter how they got there—just so they did was the main idea.

At Nuevo Laredo we piled out of the MP carrying enough luggage, the contents of which might very well have clothed all the orphans of the Far East. The Mexican custom officials, thanks to the NRM, did not ask us to open our bags for inspection, a courtesy that was very much appreciated. Coming back, the American officials at Laredo insisted that the many souvenir bottles of tequila be dumped, a ritual that caused some faces to grow as long as the wait at the station. Well, at least none in the party can blame that stuff for casting a ballot for the wrong candidate in November!

A master travel plan had been worked out by NRM. Each one in the party knew where he or she was to

This picture taken in Mexico City's Union Station shows the Dauntless Forty-Four upon arrival in the capital on July 11. Senor Fidel Lopez, seated in the center of the front row, was on hand to tender a warm welcome in behalf of the deaf of Mexico. For the life of us, we cannot figure why Ted Griffing, back row and approximate center, persisted in wearing his hat for this group photograph. The fellow third from the left, front row, is Freddie Armstrong, who is apparently being restrained by Mrs. Armstrong from making faces at the camera.





Fidel Lopez de la Rosa (That's his formal name!) is shown "lecturing" to the group on one of the sightseeing tours which featured the stay in Mexico.

snore both coming and going. It was agreed that all would be under the protection of Papa and Mama Burnes who promised to try to live up to the role of "Parents Know Best." So, when the wheels began to go clickety click, we are all one happy family, even though little Freddie Armstrong was up to all sorts of tricks.

All of us had been warned about the water and about eating fruit that was peddled at almost every station stop. There was enough bottled medicine taken along to combat the ravages of d'arrhea and upset stomach that were the total contents of said bottles dumped into the Rio Grande all at once, the river level would immediately rise about three feet! In addition to this, it would probably have taken ten years to count all the cure-all pills toted around. Fortunately, none of this stuff was needed until near the end of the trip when several of us became overconfident, this bringing on some complications that necessitated quick sprints to either end of the sleeping cars.

At one station stop we bought a peso's worth of bananas from one of the native women. Almost immediately a group of mourners gathered around Seat No. 11 in Car 1-D, expecting to see us drop dead any minute. But when we began to sing like Grandma's favorite canary never did, they began to regret they had swallowed all of those old wives' tales.

Our train, when it stopped, wanted everyone to know it. The brakes screeched like the heroine in the clutches of the villain. The jolt occasioned by stopping was powerful

enough to send the backbone three inches off the plumb line. If you happened to be in your berth, first your head would bang against the board with a resounding thump, then you'd slide down to let your feet keep you from plunging right into the next berth. After a couple of such playful gestures, the train would make up its mind really to stop. Just when you were congratulating yourself on the narrow escape, it would start with another jolt that would send you all the way to the lounge car. Were you in the dining car while all this was happening, the coffee you started to pour would probably end up in some cup across the aisle; were you trying to locate your mouth with a forkful of stuff, you'd end up feeding the fellow next to you. Now, you can see why it was such fun riding through Mexico on that train.

Both cars had wonderful porters. We must have looked like hicks because both started making up berths around six o'clock. We had the same two on the return trip, by request, and as we approached the good old USA, we gleefully unloaded all unwanted pesos on them, to their delight.

The scenery was magnificent. The station stops were a source of unending wonderment to all. Just to see those poor people was an education in itself. Despite the enjoyment of the trip south, we were glad when we approached Mexico City (they call it plain Mexico down there) around nine the evening of the eleventh. The porter pulled down all the window blinds at one point, going through the motions

of the train being stoned. Prayers, long unused, were dusted off, you bet!

At the station we were met by representatives of our travel bureau, The Pancho Lona Tours, Incorporated, plus Professor Fidel Lopez de la Rosa, a deaf man who graduated from the Michigan School for the Deaf. He proved to be a great help to us during our stay in Mexico. More of Fidel later. The ladies were presented with corsages, courtesy of the Tours. The gentlemen were the forgotten people! Meal tickets and last minute instructions were issued, and then we were hustled off to the station proper where we had our picture taken while half of Mexico looked on. There was a guide for each four in the party, this making ten in all. The same four had the same guide and used the same car throughout the tour. These guides had doubts at first as to their ability to take care of a group of deaf persons, but on the last day the leader said, "The boys want you all to know they have enjoyed you more than any group they have handled. Take our hearts and great admiration with you when you leave. Remember our Mexico!"

Our hotel was the Prince which Stan Delaplane classifies as very nice. The only inconvenience was the fact the restaurant was being remodeled, this leaving the small coffee shop at the mercy of the hungry mob. It is situated just around the corner from the famed Avenue Juarez, the scene of two anti-American demonstrations while we were there. Originally, we were ticketed for the Geneva, but because so many in the party did not meet the dead line (we did, believe it or not!) we lost out on this bigger and better hotel. The rooms slant, especially near the toilets. No one can explain this fact unless it is this spot is the most used of all in the hotel.

The tour started at nine o'clock the next morning. We were up bright and early, ready for anything that might come. As our cars shot through the bewildering maze of traffic, narrowly missing almost everything, we found ourselves crossing our fingers, bracing our feet against the floor boards. Our drivers got a big kick out of this. The sign, an opening between the thumb and the index finger, is the most popular in the country. It can mean anything from an inch to a century! When the cars just missed pedestrians, this sign was used, along with a big booming laugh. We greenies never got used to Mexico's traffic. Try it if you want ulcers.



We drove through the business and residential districts, skirted the markets, visited the magnificent cathedral and the National Palace on the Zocalo, the vocational office which our Dr. Boyce Williams helped get started and for which Fidel Lopez works. In connection with this visit we got to meet Dr. Conrad Zukerman, Undersecretary of Health and Welfare, Dr. Carlos Aguerrebere Monroy, General Director of Rehabilitation of the Ministry of Health and Welfare, and Dr. Victor Manuel Espinos y de Leon, Head of the Technical Department of the Direction of Rehabilitation. These gentlemen were most cordial and interested in our visit to the country. They even expressed a hope that the N. A. D. would consider Mexico City as a convention site within the next few years. Then we went on to Chapultepec Castle and park, where we obtained a magnificent view of the city. It is impossible to tell you in detail of everything that was seen on this tour, but especially impressive was the National Palace which is three blocks long, and which has murals executed by the famed Diego Rivera. One felt very humble as he realized he was on the very site of history that went back thousands of years, when Hernando Cortez burned the Palace of Montezuma, site of the present palace.

The evening was free, so some in the group went to see the fast Basque game of Pelota, Jai Alai. Others took in movies, somewhat awed at the layout of the theatre. Still others strolled the streets, going up Avenue Juarez, noting many anti-American signs painted on store windows by Communists who staged the demonstrations. This latter group later learned it was highly unsafe for Americans to wander far up this street at night.

Wednesday was the date of the drive to the city of Cuernavaca. It is five thousand feet above sea level, two thousand less than the altitude of Mexico City. Viewed were the old cathedral, the Palace of Cortez, and the Borda gardens. This was once the favorite spot of Emperor Maximilian and Empress Carlota. Dinner was at the famed Hacienda Vista Hermosa, one of the most charming in Mexico. This is an expensive resort, as one can well imagine after one look at it. Our group was served out in the open garden, with musicians strumming guitars to surprise our useless ears. Then the beautiful drive through mountains to the famous silver city of Taxco, nestled high on a hill, a thing of beauty



Gondolas were used to take in the wonders of the Floating Gardens at Xochimilco. This boatload is eating lunch, and only the two ladies have time to "look at the birdie." Mrs. James Gray, of Oklahoma City, is at the right, but the other lady's dark glasses makes identification uncertain.

and delight.

We stayed at the beautiful Hotel de la Borda, high up on a hill commanding a wonderful view of the surrounding territory. Taxco, ablaze with lights, is especially fascinating at night. The hotel has a tiled swimming pool, dozens of patios, and rooms that take the breath away. It is luxury plus. The drive was worth a million, no fooling. That evening all of us went to a fiesta where we saw some native dances and a rather tame cock fight. Incidentally, it rained every night we were at Taxco, also in Mexico City.

The next day was given over to shopping for souvenirs in the many shops of Taxco. You have to have a strong will power to say no to all the beautiful silver pieces, the clothing, lace, paintings, and jewelry. Taxco is a city out of this world—in it you can see almost anything and live again the days when the automobile was yet unknown. The food at the hotel was super, as was the service. The manager, from Oklahoma, said our group was the nicest and quietest his establishment had ever entertained. Thursday evening a special dinner for our group was given, and again we had all the fun and fellowship we could handle. Taxco will ever live in our hearts—we loved it that much, indeed.

Friday at mid-morning we started the trek back to Mexico City with all its beauty and all its traffic peculiarities. The drive down and up mountain highways once again brought a deep peace and a feeling of contentment to

each one in the party. We stopped at the Floating Gardens of Xochimilco, where we boarded flower decked boats for a ride through a network of canals between stately cypress trees. We had our lunch while aboard our floats, something very different. Then we sped on toward Mexico City, with a side trip to the magnificent University of Mexico which is in direct contrast to the poverty of the country. The Prince received us with open arms, which might explain why we had to wait hours for our bags to come up to our rooms.

That evening all of us were guests of Senor and Mrs. Fidel Lopez at the school which he heads, the Instituto Pedagogico Auditivo-Oral, for a dinner and some fellowship with some very pleasant deaf residents of the city who were likewise invited to meet us. Fidel, as we said, is a graduate of the Michigan School. He speaks and signs both Spanish and English, and he proved a great help to our guides and to us as individuals. His wife and some of his teachers served a typical Mexican dinner which was a novelty. Dancing and social talk went on until a late hour. He was presented with a gift from the group as a token of appreciation for his interest and his friendship.

Saturday we started out by stopping at a large leather factory where we parted with still some more money. Then we went on to the Pyramids of Teotihuacan where we viewed the Pyramid of the Sun, the Ceremonial Court of the Rituals of the God of the



On the way to Cuernavaca and Taxco, the caravan halted to view some Mexico statuary. Since Ted Griffing got home without suffering sunstroke, perhaps keeping his hat on was a good idea after all. He is seen listening carefully to an explanation, lest he miss something for the SW story about the trip to Mexico taken after the N.A.D. Convention in Dallas.

Sun, and the wonders of the Temple of Quetzalcoatl. We stopped briefly at the Convent of Acolman, then on to the famed Shrine of Guadalupe. Home again, at the Prince, saw most of us anxious to pack for the trip home early the next morning.

Sunday our guides came to escort us to the station where we boarded our Pullmans and greeted our porters, the same ones we had coming down. There followed a period of affectionate farewells because we realized the guides had developed a liking for us and that they had gone out of their way to slow it. We, too, wanted them to know we thought of them not as guides, but as old trusted friends. We hope to meet them again one of these days.

At Laredo we had to struggle with those bags in weather that caused the sweat glands to work overtime. The train trip home was just as beautiful and breath-taking as it was going down. The train was just as assertive when it stopped and started, thus our fun began all over again, that is, until stomachs began to protest rather violently. The customs at Laredo had no pity, for we had to open bags while they fumbled around with the contents. Those tiny bottles of tequila were taken over by a Texas Ranger. Boo-hoo, so said those who had loved and lost.

San Antonio! Dallas!! Home!!! Beautiful as are all those places, it is still Home for us!

This tour was wonderful, one that

we were glad to have taken. The people were grand traveling companions. All of us got more than our money's worth. We would love to take the trip all over again despite those pesos we dropped as tips. Should you ever get a chance to tour Mexico, please do. And, remember us to the places we learned to love, with a special kiss for Taxco where peace comes stealing over you like the love of an old friend.

Our hearty thanks go to each one who had a part in arranging and planning this tour. The best part of this is that the thanks come from the very bottom of the hearts of the Dauntless Forty-Four who toured Mexico on a shoestring, only to come home richer and happier than kings!

#### Footnotes

The ladies — bless 'em — received flowers at the station in Mexico City on arrival, and again at Xochimilco.

Pesos Wiggers, enroute home, took a straw vote of the group which showed 37 votes for Nixon to 7 for Kennedy. See how this shows up in November.

"Grandma" Stack, a flapper of just 71 summers, outlasted most of us. She had all the guides eating out of her hand.

Papa Burnes was presented with a cash gift on the way home for being such a good papa—no scoldings, no spankings. Freddie Armstrong made the presentation speech which rivaled Lincoln's address at Gettysburg.

At the dinner the last night in

Taxco, it was discovered that the McConnells were celebrating their 25th anniversary. They had to take the center of the floor where Eugene proved he knows how to kiss.

Pesos Pettingill, blue around the gills, did not try to sell any of his battery-less hearing aids (pads) because he was too busy studying the history of peco.

Oddity: Very few persons in Mexico wear glasses. And outside of Pettingill's best seller, we did not see a single hearing aid.

Pesos Cheery smoked a pipe that the natives mistook for a secret weapon.

Pesos Jones got lost looking for the rest room at Xochimilco. Said he could find them pronto in Europe.

The highways are comfortable beds for animals of all kinds. Cars obligingly turn aside so as not to disturb their dreams.

At the Shrine of Guadalupe our guides told us to hold on to our wallets because pickpockets were a dime a dozen.

Well, Pesos All of Us say, in parting: One peso of a trip! Have another and another!

(Additional pictures on page 7.)

#### Kenner Printing Company Marks 50th Anniversary

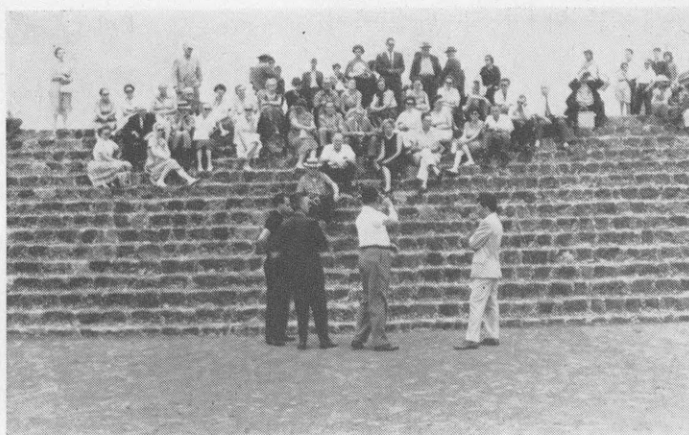
Observing over 50 years in the printing business, the Kenner family, father and sons, head Kenner Printing Co., 150 West 22nd St. Marcus L. Kenner, president, founded Communal Printing Co. in 1908, which handled printing for community social service organizations. When he incorporated the firm in 1935, the name was changed to Kenner Printing Co. It then branched out into advertising printing and color work.

Morton N. Kenner is vice president and Donald B. Kenner is secretary-treasurer. Both took courses at New York Employing Printers Association. Donald also studied advertising at NYU and received his B.S. degree.

The firm occupies about 12,000 square feet of space on two floors at the 22nd Street premises. It handles among its accounts Texaco, Union Carbide Corp., McCall's, Ethyl Corp., Revlon, and other national organizations.—From *Printing News* (N. Y.).

(Ed. Note: For the benefit of inquiring souls, it might be added that, though hitting 78, Ken is still on the job! He says, "Rocking chairs are out of style.")





Photos by Edwin T. Johnson

At the left, one of the tables for lunch at Hacienda Vista Hermosa, where the party dined in an open air patio while guitars strummed. Ted Griffing, shown with the Missus near the foot of the table on the right, took off his hat for this shot. The other picture proves that most of the party had enough strength left to clamber up one of the pyramids during a rest stop.

## Michigan Association Retains Chapter System

By GERALD ADLER

The Michigan Association of the Deaf held its biennial convention August 4-6 in Muskegon, Michigan.

As it had been predicted, attendance at this convention was light and mostly local in character. This was due to the fact that it was held at the extreme western side of the state, far away from areas where the deaf populace is concentrated. However, what the convention lacked in size it more than made up in spirit and enthusiasm. In fact, it could be said that more was accomplished than at any recent convention.

Guided by the National Association of the Deaf line, delegates from various social clubs or groups in the state's larger cities were invited to attend to lay down the ground work of a plan wherein every member of these clubs or groups would be a member of the Michigan Association of the Deaf with the expectation of better cooperation and unification in projects and problems of mutual interest. Out of this convention has emanated a greater confidence in our state association and a better understanding of the need to make it both stronger and larger.

One plan proposed and endorsed by the delegates and to be submitted to their club or group members for ratification was that their treasurers collect MAD dues monthly in addition to their own, on a voluntary basis on each member's part. In the meantime the delegates, along with officers of the

MAD, will endeavor to stimulate interest in the association with down to earth talks at their regular meetings. In this manner, it is hoped that it will not henceforth be necessary for the MAD to conduct membership drives or to rely on attendance at conventions for dues.

The chapter system will be retained to insure an interest in the Association on a local level. The affiliated organizations will be asked to send their delegates to the quarterly board meetings, granting them voting power along with presidents of the chapters.

The feature speaker in Muskegon was none other than David Wilson, the auditor of the N. A. D. To his credit can go the inspiration and fervor that was instilled at the convention.

A new fund was created for the purpose of fulfilling the N.A.D. quota and for expenses of representatives to the N. A. D. conventions. All organizations for the deaf in the state agreed to propose to their members that they all get together and sponsor some big affairs to raise money for this fund.

On the agenda at the convention were plans to establish a vocational training center for the adult deaf, a program to expand aid for the mentally retarded and mentally ill deaf, and promotion and continuance of classes in the sign language for hearing people and for the hard of hearing.

A happy feature of this convention was that there were a number of peo-

ple present from organizations for the hard of hearing. They expressed an interest in the Association and in its programs.

Officers for the next two years are: President, Robert G. Davies, of Detroit; vice president, Gerald Adler, of Detroit; secretary, Edna P. Adler, of Detroit; and treasurer, Carl A. Park, of Lansing. On the Board of Directors will be presidents of all chapters, to be elected this fall, and delegates from affiliated organizations.

### Post Convention Items:

Richard Johnson, an instructor at the Leeper State Training Home, advised that at the last count made, at his behest for the purpose of centralizing all deaf patients, it was found that there are 562 deaf patients in all mental institutions in the state. The most that had been estimated previously was around 200. So, the need for help is real.

All organizations for the deaf in Detroit have pooled their efforts and are now planning a Benefit and Charity Ball for November 5, 1960, to raise money for the N. A. D. quota and for other worthy purposes. This marks the first time that all the deaf of Detroit are backing one common project.

Several hard of hearing people have indicated that they would like to affiliate their groups with the MAD. So much the better, and it will be another giant stride for the deaf of Michigan.

# Storm and Hula Lessons Break Shipboard Routine

Cabinmate Continues to Whine as the S. S. Matsonia Nears Golden Gate

By PEGGIE NEITZIE

(Ed. Note: In the July issue of THE SILENT WORKER appeared the first installment of Peggie Neitzie's letter to Hawaiian friends, the Moutons and Fujiis, telling what her homeward voyage was like aboard a Pacific liner. Peggie and her mother had to put up with the constant complaints of their cabinmate, Sal.)

No sooner had we closed our door in the privacy of our cabin, than Mother flopped on a chair and laughed and laughed. Then she told me the big joke . . . seems that Al had played up our life in Tahiti in a big way when he had introduced us. Even made us the heroines of a shipwreck with details of us, the sole survivors, swimming an incredible distance to a small, rather barren island with the aid of floating timbers. Then staggering onto the beach we had collapsed. Islanders had found us and revived us with coconut milk and taught us to collect shell fish for survival. Later they had taught Mother to sing their native songs and taught me to dance. Well, it all made a good story the way Al told it, and the audience ate it up!

At this point Sal stormed in. Before dinner she had told Mother she could not go to the Talent Show because she didn't have a flower lei to wear. Mother went soft and gave her a beautiful, sweet-smelling lei, one of the nicest we had. Now, after the show, Sal berated Mother for giving her the lei—claimed the odor had made her violently ill. "Oh, you have my sympathy," Mother cooed, "Throw it away!" Then Sal melted into tears and kissed Mother. What a gal, our Sal!

Mother and Sal went to bed, but I came up here to the writing room to carry on this letter as I promised you, Georgia. A number of passengers, recognized me, stopped to shake hands and compliment me on my dancing. That was O.K., but when they asked questions about that SHIPWRECK—WOW! I had to think fast to make my story fit with Al's story. Some of these people wrote, some pantomimed, and some spoke slowly so I could read their lips, but I was surprised to find so



**Peggie Neitzie doing the Fakalufilufi, dance of Bora-Bora, which won first prize on the Hawaiian Night Show aboard the S.S. Matsonia.**

MANY people friendly. So now it's 1:25 a.m., and I'll hit the sack without my usual waking up at one o'clock. so good night, Charl, George, Georgia, and Mouty.

On second thought, I'd better say, "Good morning."

9:45 a.m., Saturday

Hello, all

Decided to use Mother's little tin dinosaur—the print is far easier to read than my lousy penmanship.

I was wiser at breakfast: ordered sparingly and cleaned my plate for the first time. I think our waitress decided I had gained a little horse sense.

Made a beeline to the ship's photo shop to see the results of all those flashing bulbs from the ship's profes-

sional photographers. I was thunderstruck to see many pictures of me—16 of them. What a choice—I wanted to buy them all, but they cost \$1.25 each.

While I type, people come by and pat me on the back and speak of my dancing—I bask and purr like a little kitten and get a good, warm feeling from their friendliness.

Sal was at it again last night—or early this morning. When I was finally ready for sleep, I sneaked into our cabin very quietly not to disturb Mother and Sal. Handled the drawers with great hush-hush—didn't even turn on a light. Groped in the dark till I found my trusted ladder to my bunk and huffed and puffed to the top. My hand landed on something lumpy and bumpy and decidedly damp. What was this horrid thing? I made a line to the light switch—Sal's unmentionables she had washed. How come she didn't hang them on the towel rack? I was tempted to hurl them into her snoring face but held myself in and finally draped them on her blanket, shoulder high. Then my second climb to my bunk.

Next morning Mother met Sal at the purser's desk, complaining against her cabin mates and demanding a change of staterooms. Later we found a notice from the office, giving her a chance to move away from us. Next time we met her in the lounge, she was complaining to Mother that no one was friendly to her and she hated all eight people at her dining table. "Why not make a change to another table?" Mother suggested. "It wouldn't do any good," Sal wailed "they would be hateful people, too." After Sal left us, Mother said she felt sorry for Sal because she was so low in the emotional tone scale.

We have passed over the Tropic of Cancer, angling north and east to San Francisco. Still some mildness in the air, but my days of bathing suit and sun suits are over—now it's light sweaters and jeans for the deck.

Time to go to my 10:30 hula class, learning Little Brown Gal.

9:30 p.m.

Have to use pen tonight—the ship is rolling so that the typewriter slides



across the desk. The vibrations are terrific as the motors pound in the big swells. Hope you can read these hieroglyphics.

Al was pleased no end to have Mother and me show up for the hula lesson. That's funny (odd, not funny ha, ha), but he didn't even see me in the class yesterday. I suppose he's glad he saved my life in that shipwreck! I still don't find this Hawaiian hula simple.

While sunning in a sheltered corner of the deck, a portly man approached us and asked if he could take the chair next to me. I recognized him as the judge of the fashion show who had wanted to give me first prize. I told him I was glad the prize had gone to someone else—two prizes would have been too much for me in one evening and that the friendliness of the passengers was worth more than stationery.

He introduced himself as Tom Curley, a widower, and he prattled for a long time about his daughters and grandchildren and his most recent goal which was to start building Hawaiian catamarans for use on Florida waters. He had planned an extended trip to the Orient, but was so taken with the idea of catamarans that he was returning to the Mainland, with blueprints and business plans. He asked if he could be the escort for Mother and me for the rest of the voyage—so other women wouldn't try to capture him and lead him to the cocktail bar. His money, it seemed, lured gold-diggers, and he would consider us his "protection."

Supper: Low on will power and ordered too much again. Coconut chips, supreme of fresh melon balls, au Coin-treau; charcoal broiled New York cut steak; Sauce Bordelaise with sliced fresh mushrooms; Spoom au muscat; green peas Francaise; baked Idaho potato; meringue glace; and hot oval-tine. This letter is beginning to sound like a food advertisement for the Mat-son Lines. I ate like a chicken and wished my little Chihuahua were along to help me with the steak.

Mr. Curley escorted us to the Captain's Champagne Party. Since Mother and I did not have formal wear, we chose a small table on the sidelines, a bit out of the limelight. Long tables had been set up in the Marine Room, where ladies sat flaunting gorgeous gowns, furs, and flashing jewelry. Their escorts were in tuxedos. Waiters hurried about filling glasses with champagne. Flowers, laughter, and music filled the big room.



Al, the ship entertainer, presents the Talent Night prize to Mrs. Parsons as daughter Peggie looks on.

The roll of the ship became worse. Suddenly came that mighty "seventh wave" the sailors talk about, and those four long tables, with their two hundred people, began to slide! Slowly at first, then faster across the floor, till they smashed into the further wall, telescoping on the people and on each other. Women screamed and tried to save their gowns from the spilling champagne. Men tried to hold off the tables and chairs, but they simply slid down the sloping deck with everything else. Al, at the microphone, told everyone to be calm, then HE pitched over, all 200 pounds of him, and fell heavily to the floor. But he never let go the mike, and from his position at the foot of the bandstand he still begged everyone to remain calm. He yelled for the orchestra, now huddled in their chairs at the lower side of their platform, to strike up "Lei Lani." They obeyed, and in a moment Al had regained his feet, and well braced on the slanting floor, he stubbornly sang that favorite song of tourists in Hawaii. A fine attempt to avert panic!

The captain appeared. In a matter of minutes, stewards, waiters, and crew members were circulating among the frightened people, pulling tables away from those who were trapped against the wall, removing folding chairs that had tangled with ladies' skirts, gathering ash trays, cigaret butts, and cocktail napkins which might get together and start a fire. Some women were crying, not so much that they were hurt, but their hair-dos were mussed and dresses were dripping with champagne.

Our small side table was securely bolted to the deck, so we clung to it and kept our chairs from sliding. There were three of the giant "rollers" in the next fifteen minutes, but we became adept at clinging to the table with one hand and saving our luscious drinks with the other. We, and others at the small side tables, had a sharp advantage over those at the long, temporary trestle tables, and we crowed a bit when those others took their next trip across the tipping floor. Maybe we even shrieked with delight—but who can be so sensible after his third glass of champagne?

An announcement over the intercom system assured all passengers that torn or stained clothing would be repaired and cleaned at the expense of the ship. So many people had left to change dripping clothing that the room was only about half filled. A few braver ones remained at the trestle tables, but our side section was brimming over with refugees—now everybody wanted to be at the small tables which were bolted down firmly. Al continued through the program, leading the group singing of old American favorites, with an occasional Hawaiian number thrown in.

Then the captain saw us and came to our table . . . AND SAT NEXT TO ME. I could feel eyes boring into me as people wondered why he chose to talk to me! How I regretted my deafness, then, but Mother interpreted for me, and he told me of his trips to Tahiti and Bora-Bora. He told me again how much he had enjoyed the authenticity of our performance. We discover-



The Parsons twins—Peggie Neitzie and Pollia Bennett. This picture was taken in Sacramento, California, on Thanksgiving Day, 1959.

ed he had been in Tahiti in 1936. I yipped, "I was a little girl then—and I was there, at that time!" "You look young," he said, and did I feel like purring!

The ship's photographer passed by, and his eyes bugged out to see the stern, aloof captain smiling in such a friendly way. He almost took our picture, then decided against it—the captain, I was told afterwards, was not eager to have too many photographs taken with passengers. But when I said, "Oh, I wish he'd take one of the four of us," Captain Mathieson jumped up and strode across the room to bring the photographer back. The captain stayed a long time at our table, reminiscing about the South Seas before he shook hands with us and left to join the other officers.

This afternoon Sal came in and saw the notice that the purser had a vacancy for her in another stateroom. She whisked it away and dashed out. Would she leave our company while we were at dinner? But no. Later she told Mother there was no use for her to try other cabin-mates—they would be just as hateful as we were! The steward, Bill, was having a hard time with her. She had ordered an extra blanket on her bed, but when he brought it she screamed for him to take it away. Bill warned her the night would turn cold as we were getting to northern latitudes, but she still shrieked, "I won't have that extra blanket."

Mother praised his patience in this

difficult situation, and he told her about his steward's training: two weeks of making berths, handling luggage, and serving trays. That was the easy part of every trip. But his school had given him six months of rigid training in psychology; how to handle the difficult passengers like Sal; how to make them feel at home and happy on the ship. I looked at him with new respect. Bill turned to leave and then admitted to Mother that while he had been apologizing to Sal and trying to smooth down her ruffled feathers, he had really wanted to tell her to go straight to hell. The three of us had a side-splitting laugh at that.

It's 11:15 p.m. Nightey-night.

Saturday afternoon, 1:45

Much colder! Easier to climb my ladder—takes only one huff and one puff and no ugh.

Brother—that Sal! Mother had gone to bed but was not yet asleep when she realized that Sal was moving about in the dark, doing something at my bunk. She heard the blanket being pulled off and jumped up to throw on the light switch. And, sure enough, Sal had stolen my extra blanket. Mother pulled it from Sal's grip and spread it back on my bed. "But I'm cold," wailed Sal. "Well, phone up the steward and get yourself another blanket. But leave Peggie's blanket alone—she's not going to be cold."

When Bill had got into his uniform and appeared with another blanket, Sal challenged him, "Why didn't you put more blankets on my bed?" Bill apologized, gave Sal a charming smile, and left us to marvel at his superb acting.

Then, with the protection of her extra blanket, Sal turned the room thermostat down to "very low." This she did stealthily in the dark. Mother slept but presently felt the cold nipping at her nose. In the dark, Mother turned the thermostat up for more heat. Just before dawn, Sal was up again, stealthily moving the little wall gadget down again. Mother got in one more inning, an hour later while Sal still snored. What a game!

Can't get out on deck now—too cold and blustery. And I have a shoe problem. My Japanese zorries leave my feet too bare, and my other choice is high heels. They are not only difficult but dangerous on the smooth floors of the ship when it rolls. Our muumuus are packed away—they're too tropical for this weather. Everyone wears sweaters. I'll be sure to have oxfords with me on my next trip.

In spite of that glorious menu, I've been ordering sensibly of late.

The ship is carrying many military men with their families for their BIG transfer to the Mainland. (Notice, Mouty, that I remembered how you scolded me for speaking of the States, and use the expression "Mainland" now.) These families are going home after three years, and the westbound Matson boats are carrying other families out in their places. So we're in the middle of this mammoth transfer. Babies by the score and little children romping. Many were born in Honolulu and are going to the Mainland for the first time. The stewards, stewardesses, and waitresses are wonderfully attentive to these youngsters, and I'm amazed at how many fathers feed and care for these tots, holding them, and watching them. What are the mothers doing? Sleeping, chatting with other women, or playing cards!

Sunday afternoon, 2:45

Good news, Mouty—I found your note safely wedged in my address book. And I met Mrs. Nash on board—one of the ladies on the trip to the volcano. She had the address of the Canadian couple, so that problem is solved. Whew! That address was worth dollars, and I'm keeping it secure in my wallet. But the Don Fields' address is missing—one of those that vamoosed in the wind, on the first day out. If you have their address, please spare it to me.

No typewriter today, just my awful penmanship, because I'm on my way to the ballroom at 3:30 for our class graduation in hula.

Last night was the captain's dinner party; food was extra special (if possible); colored balloons tugging on strings from the tables; fancy hats; horns and all the gaudy trappings of festival. It was to be formal, so I tried on my best black dress—but no, I had gained too much weight on this vacation. You all did such a wonderful job of feeding me over there! I switched to a tailored dress. A bit too sporty but better than going as Lady Godiva on such a chilly night!

Then to the bingo game. Wow! Exciting and tempestuous! Bingo ran as high as \$145. Suspense—then the winner (always someone else); buy another card; then suspense again. Then the ship's doctor sent word he would like to have the pleasure of meeting us in the lounge for cocktails. Turned out he was hoping to go to Tahiti for a prolonged stay and wanted to pump us for information. Mother painted that



Pearl of the Pacific in glowing colors for him but also warned that there were disadvantages—as there were everywhere.

We were both in bed when Sal came in—switching on the lights, snapping her suitcase open noisily, banging her drawers, slamming her hairbrush, and honking loudly down her nose. Of course, I slept through it, being deaf, but Mother counted 10 and played possum, thinking of the possible advantages of deafness at such a time. Sal whispered to herself, muttered louder, then spoke at the top of her voice. Why? Well, it's hard to say. Mother lay with a calm face and closed eyes and apparently her sphinx-like silence enraged Sal all the more. As Sal passed the thermostat she gave it the last vicious twist, turning it on to "very cold." At Sal's first snore, Mother arose quietly and turned it up to "warm." And so the game raged over the poor little thermostat.

3:38 and time to dash for the ballroom. Hasta entonces.

10:00 p.m.

Since most of the passengers are packing for the San Francisco landing tomorrow morning, tonight was very informal in dress.

The hour of graduation was a scream! Al called six women up to the mike and told them to show how well they had learned Little Brown Gal. The full orchestra struck up; the women froze with stagefright; one or two remembered the start of it, clapping on eight counts. Then just as they were to swing into the hand and hip movements, the music went dead, like a stalled car. They craned their necks about to see what had happened, and Al began clapping with gusto, complimented them on their beautiful achievement, handed them diplomas, and waved them back to their seats.

Al called another half-dozen class members up before the audience and judges. Music again. They performed their eight claps well, and thinking they would be dismissed as the first group was, they all stopped in mid air. But this time the music swung on rhythmically, and the group floundered to catch up with the hand movements. Al pretended to be very angry, bawling them out for being poor students; told of his terrific mortification that they had not learned better; slid into grief, with mock tears, crying because he was such a failure as a teacher. Then he dismissed them with-

out diplomas, but before they reached their seats, he soared up to anger again and ordered them back on stage. The women became confused and stunned. A waiter rushed in with a tray of drinks to revive them.

I was in the third group called up, and I know I did poorly. My arms were still ropes in Hawaiian dancing. Al glared at me. I switched to my old familiar Tahitian movements. He grinned and handed me a diploma. My Hawaiian name on my palapala (certificate) was Kanoe, meaning Morning Mist. Mother passed her test and found her name to be Morning Mist, too. Then we discovered about fifty-five Morning Mists—the whole class.

When the fourth group was called up and were well into their dance, Al swaggered out of the ballroom, leaving them on their own. At the end of their dance, the orchestra started again at the beginning, and they didn't dare to stop. The third time through, they were beginning to puff and get red in the face. Still Al did not return to stop the music. A fourth and a fifth time they went through it, sagging more and more as the orchestra increased the tempo bit by bit, till they were wiggling like mad to keep up. In the middle of the sixth round, when they were ready to drop, Al reappeared suddenly, stopped the music and handed out their diplomas, with cries of "Bravo! Bravo!"

The second group, having had time to sip their drinks, were now called back and ordered to show how well they could hula all the way through the dance. They started out bravely on the clapping, but just as they were ready to prove they knew the hand movements, Al stopped the orchestra in the middle of the beat, whisked out their diplomas, and dismissed them. Their expressions were comical, and Al was having himself a ball.

As the various groups danced, the rest of us were sitting crosslegged on the highly polished floor. The ship gave a sudden lurch sidewise. The dancers fell right in the middle of "fish and poi," and most of us slid down to the wall, jamming together in a tight mass of sarongs, muumuus, grass skirts, and leis. No one was hurt, but our sides were sore from laughing at ourselves and at Al.

In spite of crisp, chilly weather, Mr. Curley joined us in the sun deck. His ruddy-brown complexion reduced my sun-tan to white. He talked enthusiastically of the motor-driven catamarans



**A farewell party at the Edgewater Hotel, Honolulu, for Mr. and Mrs. Don Fields the night before they flew back to New Jersey. Left to right: Elsie Fields, Peggie, Don Fields. Mouty and Georgia Mouton, Charlotte Fujii.**

he expected to have built and invited us to ride with him on Florida waters in his first one. How high his hopes were!

The loudspeaker called passengers' attention to a passing freighter, Honolulu bound. I wished I could swim over and sail back to the island and have every minute of my vacation over again. The sea gull which had been following the freighter switched over to our boat, to gobble the kitchen scraps.

We trooped to the photo shop to pick up the pictures we had ordered.

Supper: How tempting they make everything sound—enticing, appealing, tantalizing. For the last time I selected too much and then realized my mistake. And guess who stopped at our table to talk with us? The captain, still remembering Mother and my Tahitian entertainment.

Mr. Curley invited us to the cocktail lounge for a last night of chatting. I went to my stateroom for my stole and found a notice that a cablegram awaited me. From whom? I couldn't guess. I tracked down Bill and asked where I could find it. Radioroom. But there the radio man said, sorry, I must get an O.K. from the head steward. Frustrating red tape! Back to Bill. Where was the head steward? Probably in his office. But he was not in. I returned to our cabin for my stole and found Sal just sending the head steward away. I caught a glimpse of my name on a slip and tried to claim it. "No," shrieked Sal, "that's not yours—the name is not Parsons." "Of course



**"I BELIEVE"**— A line in the Michigan Home Economics extension council women's creed reads: "I believe in the love of living, working and playing together" and the Silent Women's Club of Ingham County is giving greater meaning to the words. All but three of the group are deaf; others, daughters of deaf parents, wives of deaf husbands. Together, through the Michigan State University Extension Services, they are learning and broadening horizons for themselves . . . and others. Here, Mrs. Leonard Blood, Mason, leads officers Mrs. Gerald Lockwood, Lansing; Mrs. Harley Allen, Mason; and Mrs. William McKenney, Lansing, in the extension women's creed. (State Journal Photo.)

not—I got married and now it's Neitzie." "Ugly name," was Sal's opinion, but there was no time to argue. I grabbed the slip and ran to the radioroom again. With my fingers all twine, I ripped open the envelope. From Iva De Martini who was aboard the S.S. President Taft, saying she couldn't get to meet me at San Francisco as planned. Oh, well, that's how things go on shipboard.

I joined Mother and Mr. Curley in the Marine Room. The Hawaiian Trio encircled us, singing Tahitian songs, especially for Mother. She was terribly pleased with the attention and sang along with them. Then one of the young men danced a bit of Tahitian hula for me, and then planted two kisses on my forehead. In the midst of my blushing, I froze with dismay. I suddenly remembered that I had left this long letter-journal on the chair in our cabin—what if Sal read it and got mad. I jet-rocketed downstairs, and luck was with me. It lay there untouched!

11:15 and to bed early tonight—tomorrow morning we land in San Francisco.

Held up near Alcatraz for quarantine,  
7:05 a.m.

Last night Sal turned the thermostat down till we really froze, in spite of heavy blankets. Mother awakened, cold, and braved the glacial chill to turn it up. Sal groaned, got up and switched on all the lights, complaining of seasickness. "Oh, my head! Oh, my

stomach! The ship rocks so!" "Yes," Mother agreed sweetly, "I know just how you feel in that bed which lies from port to starboard. That makes your head and feet go up and down so much—brings on seasickness. I had one hour of that on the first night—remember—when I thought that was my bed? I've been grateful to you ever since, that you took over that bed. These other two, lying from forward to stern, have only the slight rock, like a cradle, from side to side. Peggie and I sleep wonderfully well."

Sal began to blubber at her hard luck in getting the bed which rocked up and down from head to foot. Mother expressed her sympathy and understanding, saying it was no wonder that Sal was seasick in that bed! Poor Sal! The more she thought of the head-to-foot movement of her bed, the sicker she got, and presently went streaking to the restroom to retch.

Sal returned, discovered the thermostat turned to "warm" and went into tears again. Of course, she turned it back to "very cold," so we had to dress in an ice-box chill in the morning.

At 5:00 a.m. I saw a long stretch of nervous, blinking lights and realized we were coming under the Golden Gate Bridge. It seemed to have shrunk since 1941, but then I realized I was aboard a huge liner—not a tiny schooner, far below the bridge. The ship stopped near Alcatraz. We had to eat breakfast by turns because one of us

had to be in the cabin all the time to open suitcases when the customs inspector came. At nine we'll go on to the pier for unloading.

I have butterflies in my tummy at the thought of meeting Pollai, my darling twin.

San Francisco

Amazingly, this morning had no fog and was warm enough for sweaters only.

Mr. Curley asked if he could go with us to meet Pollai. We stood at the rail scanning the pier but no sign of her. My heart dropped to my shoes. Then Al came, bringing a small package to Mother and me—special gifts from the captain! Ivory bracelets to match the earrings we had won at the Talent Show. Al kissed us both, Tahitian style, on each cheek, before he disappeared into the crowd.

I went to the top deck, hoping to get a glimpse of Pollai from a different place. No Pollai, but I came face to face with Captain Matthiesen. I blew him a kiss, and he covered my hand with his. I didn't know exactly what he said, but he showed esteem.

Mr. Curley helped us down the gangplank with our suitcases. Poor Bill—he was struggling with Sal's luggage while she plagued him from behind on the proper way to carry suitcases. Bill smiled and nodded—wonderful!

Inside the terminal, behind a high fence, a white-gloved hand shot up. Pollai! What a reunion with her and my three nieces. Pollai had a full day planned for us: lunch with the Vasken Aghabalians in Menlo Park; a visit with the Bert Lependorfs in San Lorenzo; then on to Sacramento that night.

We thanked Mr. Curley for all his kindness—he was reluctant to say goodbye. Then without warning, he swooped Pollai off her feet and kissed her soundly. I'll never forget Pollai's expression of surprise.

Georgia and Charl, I hope I've let you glimpse the inside of the Matson liner and see a bit of ship life. This journal is a token of my appreciation of all you and George and Mouty did for us on our Hawaiian vacation. Maruru and mahalo!

Aloha,  
Peggie

(March 10, 1960—Mr. Curley lost no time with his catamaran building in Florida. Had his first boat well under way when he contracted pneumonia. He died on January 15, 1960. He was a gentleman, and a good friend.)





# Woman Talk



By EDNA H. BAYNES

September 1, 1960

Dear Ethel:

Are you back in the classroom, too, and as happy as I am to be back after a long, lazy summer? For several weeks before school opened, I felt the urge to wallow in crayon dust and to exercise the old brain. Someone once said, "Few minds wear out; more rust out."

Here we go on another year of teaching. This makes the twenty-fourth time I've answered roll call on a teaching staff. I know only too well that some days I will be so discouraged I will wonder who is teaching what. But, oh, how proud I will be when one of my youngsters does something better than anyone else. What a feeling of achievement I am going to have when honor rolls are made and report cards have "A's" and "B's" on them.

I know I will come up with some disciplinary problems, and I will be so frustrated I will be tearing my hair out. But I will try to calm down, get my bearings—forget about the rules in the book and get to know my students. I will learn to accept them for what they are and for what they are capable of doing. I'll try to lead them along the way they should go. In other words, I shall relax and enjoy them.

At one of our opening day faculty meetings, our principal, Miss Catherine Riser, stood before us. She greeted us warmly, and to the assembled faculty she said, "All of you look so happy, rested, and relaxed. Why can't you be relaxed and happy the whole year?"

Are you, as I am, given to falling in love in the classroom? I don't mean just plain ordinary love—I am fond of all the children in my class—but a special kind of love. I always seem to have one child who is a little more appealing in some way than the others. Perhaps he or she is a little more lonely or needs a little more loving. So I take it upon myself, unless I watch out, to be his mother, his Santa Claus, his whole world, rolled into one. When he looks at me with eyes shining with love, I'm human so I lose my heart. I know full well that I must love him, yes, but I must not let my

emotions color my actions in the classroom. You and I both know that each child must be given equal doses of love, discipline, and understanding to bring out the best in him. If we are partial to any one child, his personality will be stifled—so, as one teacher to another, if you are tempted to fall in love in the classroom, **don't do it.**

Something else that gives food for thought is this: School is the first step in the battle of life for most of these children, and teacher is the model they are most likely to follow. Out on the playground, in the schoolroom or anywhere else, they want their teacher to look pretty, if she is a woman, or neat and handsome, if he is a man, because they want to be proud of their teacher. I feel that I must never let these children down by going to school looking like a washwoman. I must keep my hair neat and clean and my nose powdered. I must wear a crisp, clean blouse and maybe wear a flower or a scarf to make myself look feminine. Children love a teacher in bright colors. I can neglect everything else but never my personal appearance. Do you agree?

A teacher is on display every minute of the day, so he or she must watch his or her actions.—meet the children at the door with a kind word and smile, even if it kills poor old teacher. Children must know that everything is all right. They would rather see a sermon than hear one any day.

Another altruism I've learned in regard to the relationship between myself and my co-workers is this: Don't polish the apple. Only teachers who have no confidence in their ability to teach go in for that sort of thing. It is insincerity in its worst form.

We teachers, above all, must not magnify every little incident that happens. If you pass a teacher in the hall and she doesn't return your greeting, she doesn't resent you, she isn't "sore." She just didn't see you because she has something on her mind. She's probably worried about her students. The responsibility of teaching is a twenty-four-hour job. Have you ever lain awake nights trying to think of a way to put over an abstract idea to a deaf child? When a teacher closes

the door of her classroom, she certainly doesn't leave her problems behind, does she?

I always try not to become a slave to routine because this can be deadly. During any activity, if the children are reminded of some personal experience, and they want to tell me about it—I listen! I encourage this sort of thing because I think this is good motivation for reading, and the teacher comes up with some expressions to treasure for years. Lois Lenski (an author and illustrator of children's books) says, "It should always be remembered that creation is a flowing of ideas. Given a stimulus, ideas come pouring from the mind like water from a fountain." Topics that cause ideas to come pouring from the minds of children are those that touch their daily lives—that reflect their interests, experiences, hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows. Good topics create vivid pictures in the mind.

I know that advice, like castor oil, is seldom taken—but I advise any teacher not to try to cover so much material in a certain length of time. In so doing, her program can become dull and lifeless. Spontaneous incidents break the monotonous repetition of teaching. Don't ever try to fit children into a common mold. It won't work.

Goodness! I have waxed eloquent as a teacher, haven't I? Of course, there will always be someone to tell you the latest teaching methods; but no one will ever mention the things that most of us find out the hard way.

I'd like to add that I think having a sense of humor is a teacher's prime requisite. I know you keep yours in excellent working order so I'll just share this verse, and you may enjoy a chuckle or two. (I clipped it from some paper):

## AIN'T LIFE FUNNY?

*Oh, where are the playmates of yesterday,*

*The fellows we knew in school?*

*Oh, what has become of the studious one,*

*And where, oh, where is the fool?*

*Oh, what has become of the orator,*

*Whose passion was to recite?*

*And the bashful kid who could speak no piece,*

*Unless he succumbed to fright?*

*Oh, what has become of the model boy,*

*Who was always the teacher's pet?*

*And where, oh, where is the tough young nut?*

*The one we can never forget?*

The studious one, so we have been told  
 Is driving a cab these days;  
 While the fool owns stock in a bank  
 or two,  
 And a railroad that always pays.  
 The orator that we knew so well,  
 Is a clerk in a dry-goods store;  
 While the bashful kid we knew has  
 been  
 In Congress ten years or more.  
 The model boy is behind the bars  
 For stealing a neighbor's cow.  
 And you ask what of the tough young  
 nut?  
 Ch, he's a preacher now.

I hope, Ethel, that you will share  
 any helpful teaching ideas that you  
 have with me via the pages of THE  
 SILENT WORKER. (I know you subscribe  
 to it.) And I hope you're well in your  
 way to become a GEORGE in the  
 GREATER N.A.D.

Yours, doing just that,  
 Edna H. Baynes

#### Delta H. Pick Resigns As N.A.D. Office Manager

Mrs. Delta H. Pick, who has been  
 office manager at the Home Office of  
 the National Association of the Deaf in  
 Berkeley, California, since November,  
 1955, has found it necessary to resign  
 because of eye trouble.

Mrs. Pick's eyes had been causing  
 her some trouble for the last few  
 months, but she thought it had been  
 corrected by new glasses. In mid-July  
 she suffered a hemorrhage in her eyes  
 which has permanently damaged her  
 sight. She is able to see objects in gen-  
 eral with fairly clear vision, but she  
 is unable to focus on reading matter.  
 She has found it impossible to con-  
 tinue office work.

Mrs. Pick was an efficient and faith-  
 ful office manager, and the N. A. D.  
 will sorely miss her. Aside from the  
 trouble with her sight, she is in excel-  
 lent health. She lives with her husband  
 and father and mother in a home they  
 purchased in Albany, California, close  
 enough to the Berkeley office that she  
 can drop in for occasional visits.

**The Silent Worker**  
**Yearly Subscription**  
**\$3.50**

2495 SHATTUCK AVENUE  
 BERKELEY 4, CALIFORNIA

## ken's korner

By Dr. Marcus L. Kenner

"Within the home where fewer servants dwell,  
 With greater speed the daily work is done:  
 One man will bring Two Buckets from the Well;  
 Two men, between them both, will carry One."

—GUITERMAN



The N. A. D. Convention last  
 July certainly marked a favorable  
 turning point in the annals of our  
 80-year-old organization. Repre-  
 sentatives from 29 co-operating  
 state associations gathered and  
 acquiesced in sponsoring approxi-  
 mately half the required annual  
 budget of \$25,000. This should  
 make it possible to maintain the  
 N. A. D. with increased efficiency  
 in the future. Congratulations to  
 the Executive Board and Council  
 of Representatives on assuming  
 enlarged responsibilities and also  
 to the chairman of the Ways and  
 Means Committee, Mr. David  
 Wilson, whose sage counsel helped  
 steer us along a progressive path.  
 Opinions may differ, especially  
 among certain convention absen-  
 tees, as to the merits of the new  
 setup. It's all in the point of view  
 —rather like the old story of the  
 eight-ounce glass containing four  
 ounces of liquid: **Is the glass half  
 full or half empty?**

My dream of an imposing office  
 building, housing both the NFSD  
 and N. A. D. is still in the vision-  
 ary stage; however, we are en-  
 couraged by the fine offer of  
 closer bonds made by NFSD Pres-  
 ident L. Stephen Cherry, and his  
 suggestion that the N. A. D. feel  
 free to solicit the various NFSD  
 divisions for financial aid. So is  
 the cordial tender of cooperation  
 made by the American Hearing  
 Association. Last, but not least,  
 the Dallas Local Convention Com-  
 mittee deserves our appreciation  
 and thanks for a task well per-  
 formed. Yes, pard, the weather  
 down there was warm; so was the  
 famed Southern hospitality which  
 we shall long remember.

\* \* \*

*Re Convention Humor:* A deaf  
 gent, anxious to join a fishing  
 party, arranged with the hotel's  
 colored night elevator operator to  
 wake him at 5 a. m. sharp. Yes,  
 he'd leave the door **unlocked**.  
 Well, our hero snored blissfully  
 on until 8 a. m. when he awoke  
 with a start to find a pencilled  
 note which the darkie had shoved  
 under the door. It read: "Wake  
 up, boss, it now am 5 o'clock."  
*(Coises ad infinitum!)*

Several months ago it was my  
 privilege to attend a conference  
 at the residence of Dr. Edna S.  
 Levine at which were present Dr.  
 George Detmold, Dean of Gallau-  
 det College, Miss Anne Bancroft,  
 star of "The Miracle Worker," and  
 other theatrical personages to dis-  
 cuss the advisability of forming a  
 "Repertory Theatre for the Deaf."  
 During the past four years Gal-  
 laudet staged four major plays  
 and four minor comedies. Ama-  
 teur films, made of scenes from  
 the plays, are on loan to schools  
 and clubs for the deaf; however,  
 its productions are unable to sat-  
 isfy the cultural need for theatre  
 among the deaf of the country. To  
 meet this void, Gallaudet sug-  
 gests a touring company of deaf  
 actors who would rehearse two or  
 three new plays each summer at  
 the College and stage the plays  
 for the deaf and hearing persons  
 in the chief metropolitan centers  
 during the fall, winter, and spring.  
 Funds would be required to pay  
 salaries for about 15 actors, stage  
 manager, a crew of two, business  
 manager, interpreter, hall rentals,  
 and other incidentals.

But, (ah, there's the inevitable  
 "but!") how to finance this? As  
 in the case of Captioned Films,  
 how about obtaining government  
 sponsorship? While Foundation  
 grants can help in making a start  
 or overcoming a hurdle, they are  
 seldom given in perpetuity. A Re-  
 pertory Theatre, like education,  
 requires government aid to guar-  
 antee continued existence. Now  
 that Captioned Films is here, how  
 about extending our sights to-  
 wards the formation of a "Reper-  
 tory Theatre for the Deaf"? The  
 Moscow Theatre of the Deaf,  
 started in 1919, has repeatedly  
 made tours throughout the Soviet  
 Union. The Soviet government is  
 reportedly trying to give the deaf  
 that which nature has denied  
 them. Can our government do  
 less? Ladies and gentlemen, dis-  
 cussion is in order.

\* \* \*

It's yak-yak-yak from now 'til  
 Election Day. Aside from the  
 printed page, those spiels pointing  
 with pride and viewing with  
 alarm, fall on ears that hear not.  
 Still, let's not fail to register and  
 vote on November 8—and may  
 the best man win!





# Humor Among the Deaf

By Toivo Lindholm

4816 Beatty Drive, Riverside, California

Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown of California, in his congratulatory letter to the California School for the Deaf, Berkeley, upon its centennial celebration, said in part:

"... We are proud of the wonderful job being done ... by ... the eager students determined to break their own kind of sound barrier ..."

\* \* \*

Not long ago the San Bernardino (Calif.) Sun carried an account of a court trial between two deaf men on a charge of assault and battery. A fifteen-year-old boy, son of a deaf couple, interpreted for the deaf and for the hearing people. Fingers and arms flew fast and furiously, and the court was bewildered.

During this disorderly give and take a deputy district attorney suggested to the court a recess of five minutes to allow the deaf people's hands and arms to rest. The boy interpreter explained that the deaf never needed rest for their talking limbs.—Oscar Guire

(How about a finger bowl in lieu of a pitcher of water used by hearing banquet speakers?—at least to cool the temper of the give and take?—Ed.)

\* \* \*

A very deaf lady, walking along the street, saw an Italian turning a peanut roaster. She stood looking at it a while, shook her head, and said "No. I shan't give any money for such music as that. I can't hear any of the tunes, and besides it smells as if there were something burning inside."—Rochester Advocate (Frat 1925)

\* \* \*

A reader, curious as to the aftermath or sequence of the George Davies hooking the hog incident (See the November, 1959, SW, asked us what bait or lure Davies used, and whether he had ham, bacon, pork chops, etc., for breakfast, lunch, dinner thereafter for a month. We dispatched this query to Ted Griffing of Sulphur, Oklahoma. Back came the following answer:

"Davies said he dumped the porker along the highway, so he had no sausage or pork chops. He felt a thud but

thought it was the Ford hiccupping, so he drove on with poor piggy on that crank wondering why Henry Ford was not a member of the SPCA. Davies said he was a bit scared, visioning an irate farmer with a shotgun that spoke better than words. Older now, he would have sausage and pork chops!"

No mention of bait or lure; we didn't ask Ted.

\* \* \*

My husband and I were teaching in the Oklahoma School for the Deaf, just two years after statehood had been established, and the school was "housed" in former hotel buildings, at Sulphur, Oklahoma. Members of the faculty were like a pioneer family.

Almost all of the teachers were Gallaudet graduates; others had taught in the Kansas School.

One Gallaudet graduate, Miss Ren, was a lovely, gracious, attractive young woman who used a "hose-trumpet" type hearing aid.

Our eight-year-old son, who is not deaf, and this young teacher formed a mutual admiration friendship. He had always talked to her in the sign language, until she and I insisted that he speak to her through the "ear trumpet."

Finally, he consented and moved cautiously up to the trumpet and put his mouth in the outer end, as she adjusted the earpiece in her ear. Then with an appealing look at me, he said loudly, "Mother, I don't know what to talk about."

That experiment was never tried again.—Mrs. Kate Shibley

\* \* \*

The only person I have ever met who showed the slightest interest in my trips was an old friend of my father's. I talked to him for three hours straight one afternoon on a street corner and told him of every flat tire, every bit of gorgeous scenery, every route we had taken, and every route he should follow if he wished to take a similar trip through the Pacific Northwest. Still it didn't seem to bore him. Finally, when I was as hoarse as a cracked loud-speaker, he shook my hand and said, "I can't tell how grate-

ful I am to have you talk to me like this. No one ever talks to me. You see, I've been stone deaf for years."

I disposed of his body in a sack of quicklime underneath a culvert.—Irving Tressler's "How to Lose Friends and Alienate People" (1939)

\* \* \*

## WHO IS DUMB?

Alexander Fleischman sent this one:

Professor (at a medical school, exhibiting a patient to a class): "Gentlemen, allow me to call your attention to this unfortunate man. It is impossible for you to guess what is the matter with him. Examine the shape of his head, and the expression of his eyes, and you are none the wiser for it, but that is not strange. It takes years of experience and constant study to tell at a glance, as I can, that he is deaf and dumb."

Patient (looking up with a grin): "Professor, I am sorry, but my brother, who is deaf and dumb, couldn't come today, so I came in his place."

—OAD News

\* \* \*

Written by Karsten Ohnstad, a blind man, in "Adventures in the Dark":

... A freshman ... came to me in my sophomore year at college and asked how blind people manage to talk to one another. He took my hand. Did this finger stand for A, this for B, and were the different words made by holding my fingers in various positions? It was remarkable how quickly the light dawned when I explained that the system he had just shown me was the sign language used by the deaf and dumb.—The St. Olaf (Northfield, Minnesota) Campus, 1940

\* \* \*

In the lobby of a theatre where Thurston, the magician, was holding an engagement, two deaf men were whiling away the time conversing with each other in signs. The matinee was over, and the patrons were streaming out of the auditorium. A little girl being led forth by her mother paused near the deaf men and watched with evident fascination their flashing fingers and gyrating arms.

"Come on, dear," her mother insisted, giving her a tug.

"I wanna see," pleaded the girl.

"What do you want?"

"I wanna see," the child said, pointing to the men. "I wanna see them pull out wabbits, ducks, and fings."

—Rev. Arthur G. Leisman (1940)



# QUESTIONS AND OPINIONS on *Parliamentary Procedure*

By Edwin M. Hazel

Qualified Parliamentarian

Member, the National Association of Parliamentarians,  
and the Chicago Association of Parliamentarians

Important to remember:

"While a question is under consideration, members are free to express their opinions, always observing the rules of debate. After the question has been decided, it is the duty of the defeated party to acquiesce in the decision and refrain from further criticism. They have no right to talk outside in a way to interfere with the carrying out of the policy adopted, and such a course makes them liable to having charges preferred against them for their improper conduct."—Robert's.

\* \* \* \*

Q. Should the Chair wait for a member to call for the "previous question" on a resolution or motion when debate ceases?

A. No. Not necessary. To call for the "previous question" means to close debate immediately on a pending motion and to vote on it, to prevent the proposal of amendments or any other subsidiary motions such as "lay on the table," "postpone to a certain time," "postpone indefinitely," or "refer to a committee." The Chair may go ahead and put the motion to vote at once when there is no more debate, without waiting for a call for the "previous question."

Q. (a) May a member move that a motion be voted on by ballot? (b) Is this motion an amendment?

A. (a) Yes. It requires only a majority vote to order the vote taken by ballot. (b) No. It is an **incidental** motion, not an amendment. It is always in order to request any method of voting before the Chair puts a question to vote, provided the request is moved and seconded. It is undebatable.

Q. Has the president (Chair) the right to refuse to recognize members who desire to debate or speak?—Miss R., a club member.

A. No. The Chair cannot force a vote before the assembly is ready for it.

Q. Should by-laws contain an article on "parliamentary authority"?

A. Yes, i.e., an article of the by-laws should read: "Robert's Rules of Order, Revised (or any other name or names), shall govern the proceedings of

this association in all cases not provided for in these by-laws or in standing rules."—Robert's.

Q. What is the maximum period a motion may remain "tabled" before expiring?

A. It expires at the close of the next regular monthly meeting.

Q. Is it correct to move to lay a resolution on the table **until** the next convention?—State Secretary.

A. No. "Lay on the table" is **misused**. The purpose of this motion is to **take up** the matter **during** the same session. If not taken up, it terminates when the convention adjourns sine die.

Q. May a member move to lay a motion on the table until the following month?

A. No. Just say "**Postpone** the motion **until** next month." The Chair should either rule the motion out of order or help the member to correct the motion to "postpone until . . ." before entertaining it.

Q. Should the president appoint committees **before** a meeting adjourns?

A. Yes. But the assembly may vote to permit him to appoint committees **after** adjournment, if they feel it is advisable.

Q. In case a member withdraws his motion, can the seconder who seconded the motion claim it as a mover?

A. Yes, but another member should second it.

Q. Has a member the right to call the Chair's attention to the fact that he is straying from a neutral position by debating or speaking in favor of one side or the other?

A. Yes. The Chair **must** stick to a **neutral** position—taking **no** side on a matter at any time. But he may offer a suggestion if so advisable.

Q. Supposing a standing rule calls for regular meetings to adjourn at 10 p. m. Should the Chair declare a meeting adjourned promptly at 10 p. m.?

A. Yes. The Chair cannot ignore the rule, but **before** the Chair declares the meeting adjourned at 10, a member may move to suspend the rules to continue transaction of the business at hand if absolutely necessary. But it requires a two-thirds vote to suspend

a rule for the meeting only. A motion to suspend is undebatable.

## True or False

(Answers on page 35)

T F 1. The vice president is ex-officio a member of all committees when he is taking the place of the president temporarily.

T F 2. Subordinate chapters or divisions cannot make by-laws that may conflict with their parent organizations.

T F 3. "One who is constantly raising points of order and insisting upon the strict observance of **every** rule in a **small** or peaceful assembly in which most of the members are ignorant of these rules and customs, makes himself a nuisance, hinders business, and prejudices people against parliamentary law."

T F 4. The presiding officer continues presiding during action taken upon an appeal from his decision.

T F 5. A motion to adjourn is in order when a vote is being taken on a pending motion.

T F 6. The president (ex-officio a member of all committees as defined in the by-laws) must be notified of the time and place of all committee meetings.

T F 7. A committee must always perform its functions within certain limitations.

T F 8. The Chair should declare a committee report out of order if a committee member protests the chairman's failure to call committee meetings.

T F 9. There is no such thing as a "two-thirds majority" in terms of parliamentary law.

T F 10. A board of directors has the right to dismiss a vice president (and to appoint a successor) when it discovers later that the vice president's dues were in arrears when he was elected.

## Adult Classes Sponsored By Wichita Social Services

The Wichita Social Services for the Deaf of Wichita, Kansas, is sponsoring classes for deaf adults beginning September 15. Meetings are held at the Riverside Christian Church from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m. The first hour deals with reading, written English, and vocabulary. The second hour consists of discussions on such topics as budgeting, insurance, stocks and bonds, labor unions, financial contracts, and similar subjects.





# Random Jottings

By **Bernard Teitelbaum**

4014 Saline Street  
Pittsburgh 17, Pennsylvania

SILENT WORKER readers are earnestly urged to read "A Dog Named Shep" in the April, 1960, issue of the *Reader's Digest*. It was condensed from a story of the same name in *Farm Journal* and was written by Paul Frygens. It is a moving and very heart-warming story and should be read by every deaf person who enjoys reading. Shep's story has already stirred thousands of people, with results as unexpected as they are heart-warming.

Shep was a sheep dog at Fort Benning, a picturesque prairie town in the bluffs of the looping Missouri River in north central Montana.

The story begins with the death of Shep's master and the shipment of the remains for burial in August, 1936. Only one mourner was on hand to see the shepherd off on his last journey—the big shaggy crossbred collie which whined pathetically and attempted to follow.

Thereafter, for five and a half years, Shep maintained an unbroken watch for his master.

Day in and day out, rain or shine, Shep was on hand to meet Fort Benning's four trains a day, always searching for his master whom he was sure would some day return to him. When the bitter Montana winter came, Pat McSweeney, section foreman, fixed him warm quarters in the freight house, but the big Irishman had to stretch out with Shep to lend assurance. Shep was fed daily by Tony Schance, the station agent. But, not until after dusk would Shep touch the scraps of meat left for him. Later, in the black of night, Shep would trot lonesomely over a three-quarter mile trail to drink from the river.

Shep's story became legend. Offers of a home came from far and wide. Dog lovers sent cash gifts. Sheepmen in several states made good offers for the trained shepherd. Ripley featured him in his "Believe It or Not," which resulted in an avalanche of mail and an influx of tourists who wanted to see the dog.

With advancing age, Shep was no longer nimble and when sub-zero weather stiffened his aging legs, he was not able to leap with the same

agility as in his younger days. In consequence, while standing between the rails watching a train come in on January 12, 1942, Shep leaped—too late.

His long vigil was over. Shep's remains were buried, with ceremony, atop a bluff overlooking the depot. A profile monument of Shep was erected on the bluff, and trainmen who had known Shep erected a spotlight to illuminate the monument at night. As streamliners sped through the hamlet, trainmen would recite to curious passengers the story of Shep's long devotion.

This writer now quotes a paragraph from the story in the *Reader's Digest*:

"Eventually, Conductor Ed Shields wrote Shep's story in a booklet which trainmen sold. Before long the booklet netted \$200, and Shields cast about for a worthwhile way to spend it. He found it: at the Montana School for the Deaf and Blind at Great Falls."

It was Christmas, 1946, when Conductor Shields dropped by the School with his "gift from Shep," which visit resulted in a very happy Christmas for the 100 children there.

The School at Great Falls became the beneficiary of "The Story of Shep," and by the time this account was written, the School had been beneficiary to \$50,000 plus substantial bequests in wills. These contributions and donations continue, presumably, to the present day.

Again, we urge SILENT WORKER readers to read "A Dog Named Shep" in the April, 1960, issue of the *Reader's Digest*.

\* \* \*

We have another interesting dog story to offer SILENT WORKER readers.

Quite a number of deaf people have dogs whose sole function outside of being pets is as watchdogs at home. They watch small children and warn of the approach of strangers at the door. Some of these "strangers" are such regular visitors as the milkman and the mailman.

We have a story of a dog who functioned as a "Hearing Ear" in a very particular way for a deaf man. A story in a recent issue of the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Press by feature writer Peter Boggs

caught the eye of this writer:

## Dog Acts As Ears For A Deaf Master

The story tells of a totally deaf man who was employed a few years ago in Western Canada by the highway maintenance department.

His particular job was to keep a section of mountain road clear of rocks and boulders which tumbled down from the hillside. Sometimes huge boulders crashed down from tremendous heights, destroying everything in their paths.

Even for a person with normal hearing, this would be a dangerous job. Mr. Boggs asked: "But how would a man who could not hear carry on this kind of work?" He answered the question himself:

"Untaught, his (the deaf man's) dog solved the difficulty by appointing himself as his master's 'Hearing Ear.'

"Before any human being could detect the rumble of boulders coming down the mountain, the dog would be on his feet, thrusting his nose sharply against his knee as a signal to get to a place of safety.

"By his eternal vigilance, the dog has saved his master from possible death many times. And, without his dog, the man would not have been able to have kept his job."

Which suggests the question: How much longer will he be able to keep his job? The life expectancy of a dog is much shorter than that of man. Will the intuition of his next dog, granting he gets one, be sufficiently perceptive early enough to permit him to continue on that job?

\* \* \*

Perennial Convention Goer Marcus L. Kenner (He assured us all he would be in Dallas, didn't he?) is fortunate Uncle Sam did not tap him on the shoulder and beckon to him in Detroit during the recent national bowling tournament.

At the Statler-Hilton Hotel, 400-odd deaf people failed to answer a knock on the door—who could expect deaf people to hear a knock on the door even if they WERE in? We say a knock, not a pounding on the door. This particular visitor would never pound on a door or attempt to kick it in.

It might have been a comely young lady by whom many of you might have been glad to be interviewed—our source of information was indistinct on this point. The article, however, did state positively that it was a Federal census enumerator who learned from

the main desk the reason so many of you failed to answer.

So, all you good people who were having a good time at the tournament can go about your varied tasks, secure in the knowledge that the Federal government will not prosecute you.

Ken—the census enumeration is over, and we hope you had a good time at Dallas. Sorry we could not make it this time.



Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Johnson

### Arthur C. Johnsons Observe Golden Wedding Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Johnson celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on June 22, 1960, at their new home at 17125 Stare Street, Northridge, California. This was a most happy occasion since the entire family was reunited for the first time in many years. Mr. and Mrs. John Burns (their daughter, Jean) and three children came west from Kansas City, Missouri, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Johnson of Goleta, California, and Mr. and Mrs. Vincent A. Johnson and son of Northridge were all present to do honor to Art and Maud.

On Saturday, June 25, a group of forty deaf friends helped celebrate at a buffet supper which was highlighted by a speech during which Art reminisced about pleasant memories of the past 50 years. Special mention was made of the presence at the gathering of Mrs. Pearl Allen of Santa Ana, California. Mrs. Allen, nee Pearl Wadzinski, formerly of La Salle and Kewanee, Illinois, gave the wedding dinner in honor of Art and Maud's mar-

riage back in 1910. The Johnsons met while attending the Illinois School at Jacksonville and, following their marriage, they resided in Monmouth, Galesburg, Springfield, Mendota, and Rock Island. Rock Island was their home for thirty-three years.

In 1953, Mr. Johnson retired and moved to Santa Barbara, California, where they lived for a while before moving to Long Beach and living there up until last May. Art has been very active in the affairs of the deaf both in Illinois and California. As a result of

their interest in others, they have won the hearts of many, and numerous lovely cards, letters, and gifts were received on their golden anniversary. In addition to the other celebrations, a buffet supper was given for them by their son, Kenneth, and daughter-in-law of Goleta, California, on July 2.

Both wish to express their most sincere appreciation and gratitude for the kindness and thoughtfulness of their many friends upon the happy occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary.

## With the Foreign Deaf

By PAUL LANGE

A beautiful teen-age deaf girl is creating quite a stir in the aristocratic society of London. She is the 19-year-old Deneta Platt, the step-daughter of a wealthy South African industrialist. She has long, blonde, rebellious hair, blue-gray eyes, and a mischievous laugh. Born deaf, she was sent to special schools where she acquired good speech and ability to read the lips and can converse readily in English and French.

She lives at a fashionable women's club in London and is taking a course in modeling. She is very popular and is invited out a great deal to tea, dance, and cocktail parties, where she is perfectly at ease because of her ability to speak and read the lips. On finishing her course she plans to go to New York City and try her luck as a mannequin. She will no doubt be warmly received by the deaf of New York and Long Island.

Miss Mary Agnes (Polly) Thompson, since 1919 secretary and interpreter for Miss Helen Keller, passed away recently at Bridgeport, England, at the age of 78. Miss Thompson accompanied Miss Keller on her travels, acting as her eyes and ears by interpreting for her, placing the finger tips of her right hand on the lips or palm of Miss Keller's hand to spell spoken words. Miss Keller had grown deeply attached to Miss Thompson and will keenly feel her loss.

In England, deaf applicants for drivers' licenses of autos are required to secure permits from three doctors, one of whom must be a brain specialist. It is said that Dr. Beynes, vice

president of the State Medical Society of England, opposes the granting of drivers' licenses to the deaf.

The mission school for the deaf at Aleppo, Syria, has sent an appeal to the United States, France, and Russia for funds to purchase hearing aids for their schools for the deaf.

The Bavarian teachers of the deaf held a convention on June 10-12 at the Augsburg and Dillingen schools for the deaf with Dr. Steinbauer, head teacher of the Augsburg school, in charge of demonstrations.

The early use of hearing aids and the extension of kindergarten in the training of deaf children were approved.

In the city of Gdinia, Polland, residents living near a popular dance hall and restaurant complained to the authorities of the noise and music in the dance hall which kept them awake until two and sometimes four o'clock in the morning. Upon investigation, the owner of the hall agreed to spend \$1000 to put in sound-proof walls, which he did. Still the sound of the orchestra persisted. Then the owners of neighboring residences lowered the rentals to attract deaf tenants. This solved the problem and all were happy.

In Czechoslovakia a course in First Aid is given to the deaf by the Red Cross.

The Soviet government recently produced a film of Turgeneff's "The Locked Mouth" with Gerasim, the deaf Russian actor, playing the leading role.





Geraldine Fail

## *Winging 'round the nation*



Harriett B. Votaw

The News Editor is Mrs. Geraldine Fail, 851 West 19th Street, Long Beach 6, California.

Assistant News Editor is Mrs. Harriett B. Votaw, 2778 South Xavier Street, Denver 19, Colorado.

Correspondents should send their news to the Assistant News Editor serving their states.

Information about births, deaths, marriages, engagements, and social activities should be mailed to the Editor.

DEADLINE FOR NEWS IS THE  
15th OF EACH MONTH

### WASHINGTON, D. C. . . .

Since the DCCD's little newsletter, the DEE CEE EYES, went to press, ye scribe's column went to pot. I was drafted to cut stencils, help with the folding, stapling, mailing, etc., but now that we have so many willing reporters on the staff, this column will never lack for news. Much of this is quoted directly from the newsletter with a few changes here and there so our friends in other parts of the country can keep up with our changing times.

Down in Deafwood Village with Alice Hagemeyer . . . Jo Ikerd, Jean Butcher, and Judy Reeves had a heck of a time in New York City over the July 4 holiday weekend . . . Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Smith are vacationing in Nebraska with Vivian's relatives. They expect to be gone for a month . . . A wedding reception was given in the honor of the newlyweds, William and Peggy Sugiyama, on July 21 at the apartment of Agnes Dunn and Carol Rush for all the folks who couldn't make it to their June 25 wedding. The hosts and hostesses, Carol Rush, Agnes Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. James Kundert, Jim Casterline, and Clarence Russell, presented the couple with a percolator. . . . Betty Miller was surprised with a combination welcome-home-birthday party upon her arrival from Chicago on July 27. She and her mother spent a week in Colorado visiting friends. Mrs. Miller is now spending a few weeks in D. C. with Betty. (She's not telling which birthday she celebrated.) . . . Ted Hagemeyer joined the lobster crew at The Star after reaching his "goal" by being inducted into the International Typographical Union on July 17. . . . The James Kunderts are busily preparing to move to Ohio where he has a teaching job awaiting him. About 20 friends gathered at Hughes Memorial Gym for a pot luck dinner on the patio in their honor and a swim in the pool. A \$25 gift was presented them, and their friends will be sorry to see them go. . . . J. Casterline, C. Russell, C. Rush, and Jo Whitling spent the weekend of the Fourth

at Lake Mahonk, New York, and reported they had a whale of a good time.

The Dramatics Guild of the DCCD will give a play "The Good Peddler," by a relatively unknown playwright, John Maria, and will enlist the acting talents of John Kubis, Fred Schreiber, Jerald Jordan, Alex and Georgette Fleischman, Elmore Bernsdorff, and Minnie Bache. The drama, a court trial, is action packed, and the story is designed to provide high suspense. It is scheduled to be presented on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, October 14, 15, and 16. Douglas Burke will again direct this one so plan now to be THERE!

By the time you read this, it will be past history, but for the benefit of other organizations the Athletic Board's Corn Roast in Rock Creek Park has an unusual quirk. You can get all the corn and watermelon you can eat for the price of one cent per pound of YOUR WEIGHT. And in deference to some ladies who might not want to get on the scales, it is a flat \$1.50. John Kubis is directing this shindig on August 28. It sounds interesting!

The Photography Guild of the DCCD will show the captioned film, "Treasure of Sierra Madre," the adventure story of three money-hungry men who go searching for gold. The picture stars Humphrey Bogart and will be shown on September 11.

The Mark Waits are heading for the wide open spaces in Colorado in August, and the hosts and hostesses, the Don Paddens, Earl Stevens, Mel Carters, Al Fleischmans, Frank Turks, Bill Stiffers, Tom Bergs, Bill Wrights, and Carmen Tiberios threw a round-up party for them on July 23 in the Student Union Building at Gallaudet. . . . A short program was presented. Frank Turk, in appropriate cowboy costume, sang "Out Where the West Begins." Next was a short skit of the Waits ten years hence, portrayed by Agnes Padden and Tom Berg. It showed them in the living room discussing stocks when in rushed their eleven screaming, quarrelsome children, and when things finally quieted down, papa and mama decided that Colorado's cold winters were too much so they would move back to D. C. Papa Tom-Wait dug up an old sock filled with mad money, and the real Waits were called to the "stage" to receive it, and it actually contained money presented to them by their friends as a farewell gift. Mark will be the new printing instructor at the Colorado School for the Deaf in Colorado Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Leitch are among the new residents of Montgomery County. The newlyweds had a delayed

honeymoon the week of July 17-24 at Ocean City. . . . Fred and Kit Schreiber had his mother and nephew visiting them right after the DCCD picnic. . . . Jimmy George, once a Washington resident, blew into the DCCD from Dayton, Ohio, where he is a printer. He is here for the Reunion.

A farewell party was given for the Chester C. Dobsons in the Student Lounge at Gallaudet College the evening of June 25 by hosts and hostesses Auerbach, Crammattee, Culbertson, Padden, Phillips, and Stevens. Well over a hundred people gathered to wish them luck at their new jobs in the Minnesota School for the Deaf. The hosts threw a humorous skit, presenting them with ear muffs, a snow shovel, fur coat, and finally a St. Bernard who turned out to be Donald Padden in "dog's clothing." Mrs. Crammattee sang a parody of "Old Virginny"—"Carry Me Back to Minnesota," and the hostesses served some delicious home-made food. We shall dearly miss these old friends and hope they keep their promise to make frequent trips back via plane to visit us all.

The George Babinetzes welcomed a daughter, Lori Ann, on July 26. She was born at the Providence Hospital and weighed 7 pounds 13 ounces. She is on display at 1428 Kanawha Street, Apt. 101, in Hyattsville, Maryland.

The Jerome Moers celebrated the Fourth with an extra bang when daughter Diana Lynn, who tipped the scales at 5 pounds 8 ounces, arrived. . . . and shall continue to find it extra special as she grows bigger and bigger.

Travel notes: Elaine Beehler took in the Texas N. A. D. convention and came back convinced people there do have bigger hearts. She had a wonderful time. . . . On July 1, Mr. and Mrs. Tony D'Onfrio left for a month's vacation in points west. They were surprised to find Robert Christenberry was also a passenger. They landed in Dallas, Texas, where Robert stayed to take in the N. A. D. convention while the D'Onfrios continued on to Los Angeles, where their hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fugler of Hollywood, met them. In L. A. they attended a meeting of the Frats and Aux Frats and Mr. and Mrs. Pop Nelson of Bakersfield drove down to see them at the club.

On July 8, the Fuglers and the D'Onfrios left for San Francisco to attend the International Catholic Deaf Association Convention at the Whitecomb Hotel. Washingtonians who attended this convention included Miss Minnie Bache, Mr. Frank Turk (delegate), Byron Baer, Herbert Hildebrandt, and Mr. Christenberry. They met many former DCCD members there, Miss Genevieve Lipinski, Perry Monaghan, Vic and Gertrude Galloway, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Brother, and Mrs. Nancy Schmidt, nee Nancy Lee Davis and their children, and still others from this area including Robert Wortman and Raymond Baker. Returning to Los Angeles, Tony and Daisy stayed at the Roosevelt Hotel which is just across the street from the famous Grauman's Chinese Theatre. And on a visit to Disneyland, they were surprised to meet the Campbells, former Washing-



Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Hawkins of Tulsa, Oklahoma, are shown with their 17-year-old daughter, La Veta Mae, upon the occasion of their 25th wedding anniversary May 28. Gladys, nee Matthews, and Cleo are products of the Oklahoma School and entertained close friends in their home with the assistance of Mrs. Mina Jo Gray and Mrs. Janet Dye. Among the gifts they received was a set of sterling silver.

ton residents. While in L. A., they also had the pleasure of seeing Clarence Allmandinger again. From there, they flew to Chicago to visit their daughter and see their new four-month-old granddaughter (after four grandsons). They also saw Mr. and Mrs. Victor Lomonosoff (now shortened to Lomon). Mrs. Lomon is Mrs. Wilbur Spence's sister. The D'Onfrios finally returned to D. C. on July 28 with half a mind to move back to Sunny California. They had a wonderful time as you can plainly see. . . . Minnie Bache also spent five weeks in California, part of the time as a guest of Mary Thompson, the rest of it busy taking in the Catholic Convention, visiting old friends, making new ones, and sending post cards out to all and sundry. . . . Vincent Byrne spent the first week in July as guest of the Fred Schreibers and then caught the train back to New York, where he picked up another bag and joined Joan Griffing of Oyster Bay, and both of them caught a jet plane to Denver, where they took in the Episcopal Convention and had a wonderful week up in a camp "on the top of a mountain." He came back to D. C. again for his last week's vacation back at the Schreiber abode, a very well traveled veteran. . . . A card from Al and Georgette Fleischman sends "Greetings from Cape Cod" and tells that they stopped at Hyannis Port and met the J. Drakes. Also that they saw a press interview at Senator Kennedy's home and shook hands with the great man. Also . . . they shook hands with Michigan Governor "Soapy" Williams and have a movie to prove it. Now, ain't that something! . . . The William Grinnels spent August 7-10 at his sister's home at Atlantic City and enjoyed the cool ocean breezes.

Mrs. Ruby Byrne, who had sold her house and moved to a semi-basement apartment, decided she didn't like it

after all so sat down one evening to make a list of what to pack in which box and noticed a trickle of water coming from under her door. She opened the door and found a little stream of water coming down the hall, and it grew into a regular river as "the rains came." By morning her apartment was flooded from wall to wall with a good five inches of water, and she was mighty glad she had decided to move! It was such a long, long night! She was one of many who found their possessions literally swimming when D. C. was caught in a vicious flash flood. One Volkswagen floated away from the curb and was found a mile away wedged in some trees. . . . Jeff Tharpe, who has been hospitalized for some time, is now at home in Greenbelt and would appreciate having his friends drop in for a visit in the afternoons.

## CALIFORNIA . . .

Helen Dwyer and Marguerite Abernathy, both travelers of note, have returned home from a five-week motor trip to the Pacific Northwest covering British Columbia and the Alberta Province and taking in Banff, Jasper, and the snowmobile trip over the Columbia icefields, a new novelty. An unexpected snowstorm at Logan Pass in Glacier National Park provided an extra thrill to the trip which included visits to no less than TEN national parks. Folks are wondering just where Helen and Marguerite will decide to go next time they get the urge to travel.

The Van Nuys home of Solly and Marcella Brandt resounded with merriment August 6, when the two played hosts to folks from all over who had come to surprise Bob and Lillian Skinner. Bob and Lil were celebrating their

tenth year of wedded bliss, and naturally their friends wanted to have something to do with it, too. The best gift of all seemed to be the set of luggage . . . Lil and Bob lost all of theirs in an auto accident a couple of years back, and Lil opines that perhaps folks got tired of being asked to loan a suitcase or two every time she and Bob went a-traveling. Gifts also included some "coin o' the realm," and Lil and Bob are going to put that to good use . . . an automatic dishwasher . . . since both are very fond of entertaining and that entails a lot of dishwashing. As this is written, the Skinners are busily packing up for the CAD convention at San Diego . . . so the new luggage is even more appreciated.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Maxson of Kenosha, Wisconsin, wrote that they spent June 27-July 3 visiting a daughter and son in Du Llambeus and getting in some fishing. Another visit was made to Salem, Wisconsin, to see Clyde's daughter and son-in-law.

The Curtis Pasleys of Reseda opened their lovely home to members of the Hollywood Club for a "Get Acquainted" dinner the evening of July 16. The Hollywood Club is a very busy organization these days, and they'll spend the next three years raising funds for 1963 when they sponsor the AAAD National Basketball Tournament. Next on their agenda is a huge gathering at the Long Beach Club September 24, and a large turnout is anticipated.

Nubby and Eleanor Nuernberger entertained a gathering at their La Mirada home the evening of Saturday, July 23, in honor of visiting Nebraskans Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Boese. Red-headed Delbert and his pretty wife spent several weeks in California, and folks were glad to meet Mrs. Boese. Delbert is well remembered as a star basketball player on the Los Angeles team some years back before he returned to his old stamping grounds around Lincoln. They and the Nuernbergers were among the huge crowd attending the Pre-CAD Convention Rally in Long Beach July 30. The News Editor and Delbert enjoyed a happy reunion that evening.

Others attending the Rally from out of the state were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Wiggers of Evansville, Indiana, who were touring the Far West after taking in the N. A. D. Convention at Dallas and the N. A. D. trip to Mexico City. Mr. Wiggers is a retired printer and a past president of the Indiana Association of the Deaf, and while in California they were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Estes in Baldwin Park and Mr. and Mrs. Claude Russell of Long Beach. Enroute home to Indiana, they visited San Francisco, Salem, Oregon, and Denver and Colorado Springs. The News Editor was very pleased to make the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Wiggers and hopes that somewhere, sometime, they shall meet again.

Frank and Beverly Sladek of Tucson have been spending the summer at the home of Frank's father in Long Beach with Frank getting in some albacore fishing. They'll be going back home to Arizona before the opening of school.



Also spending the summer around Los Angeles has been pretty Joanne Kovach of San Francisco. Joanne is the energetic president of the East Bay Chapter of the CAD.

Others in town have been Eula Chaney of Ardmore, Oklahoma, and Ethel Thompson of Bellingham, Washington. Eula and Ethel came west together after the N. A. D. Convention at Dallas, and Ethel spent a few days in Orange while Eula visited her sister, Carrie Schlack, in Garden Grove. Donald Braswell of Gastonia, North Carolina, has been around the Los Angeles area most of the summer, and we met up with young Howard Palmer July 30. Howard is the young fellow who scored such a hit in the Gallaudet version of "Othello," the play we all saw on our TV sets July 3.

Gerald Burstein, teacher at the Minnesota School, spent some weeks with Hal and Catherine Ramger of Oakland following a visit to Alaska. He spent most of the time pounding a linotype while in Oakland, and he and Hal drove down to Long Beach the weekend of July 30 to take in the Pre-Convention Rally and acquire a rather nice sun tan while loafing around the pool at the John Fail home. Hal introduced Gerald as "Bummy" Burstein and it turns out that Bummy hails originally from Brooklyn and is an ardent rooter for the Dodgers who now call Los Angeles home. Bummy had to get back to Minnesota for the opening of school and, much to his regret, was unable to stay over for the CAD Convention. Hal and Catherine spent the summer getting settled in their new home, and Hal proudly displays his calluses saying he has become quite adept at hoeing weeds. Their lot is plenty big, 50 x 180, and they'll have plenty of weeds until they get it into shape.

Another young fellow folks were happy to meet up with the past summer is Kevin Milligan, erstwhile of Buffalo, New York. Kevin, then of St. Mary's, was named Player of the Year by Art Kruger back in 1955. He was a varsity cager for Erie County Technical Institute of Buffalo, a junior college, during the 1959-60 season.

Mrs. Edna Denton of Wichita, Kansas, spent two weeks visiting her daughter in Thousand Oaks, California, during May. While there she was pleased by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Stover who live in nearby Hollywood.

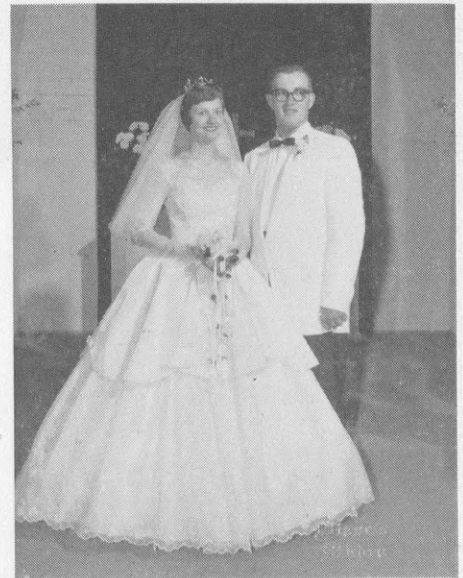
Jerry's Pre-Convention Rally at the Long Beach Club July 30 was a howling success thanks to the Long Beach Club, the Long Beach Chapter of the CAD, and the San Diego Convention committee who drew a record crowd to the Rally. Back in April, Jerry (that's Geraldine Fail) opined that it was high time she did something in the way of raising funds for the convention since everyone else on the committee had done their share . . . thus she came up with the idea of a Rally and enlisted the aid of the Committee plus her own Club and CAD Chapter of Long Beach. CAD President Herb Schreiber issued an official proclamation for the event, and bright and early that Saturday morning folks

began converging on the Fail home from all over the south and as far north as Oakland. From Oakland came Hal Ramger, CAD treasurer, and Gerald Burstein; from Los Angeles area came President Schreiber and his Loel, Don and Eleanor Nuernberger, Ross Bailey, Frank Luna, Bob and Lil Skinner, and others. Hope Beasley, Odean Rasmussen, and Tom and Becky Elliott showed up too late to join the crowd but caught them later at the Rally. From San Diego came the Marvin Thompsons, the Bergs, the Houzes, Peteks, Goughs, Charles Johnsons, Morans, James Lloyd, Auforts, Donahues, and many more. Jerry and a few others sneaked off during the afternoon to see that everything was ready at Morgan Hall, and promptly at 9 p. m. amid much stomping and shouting and waving of banners the Rally got under way with the reading of the proclamation and addresses by President Schreiber, Hal Ramger, and Mrs. Willa Dudley of the Home for the Aged Deaf, with Chairman Thompson of the convention committee introducing the San Diego people. Verda Law interpreted the proceedings, and Jerry's years as a yell leader appeared to stand her in good stead that evening. Program ended with the Long Beach Chapter's beauty contest during which Mrs. David Longoria won a trophy and the right to represent Long Beach at the CAD Beauty Contest finals in San Diego September 3. It was a tired bunch who gathered around the admission desk at closing time to count the proceeds, but it was a mighty happy bunch who went home to San Diego the next day because the Rally netted a gross of \$420.50 in just that one evening according to Charles and Ivo Johnson and Catherine Deasee and Maud Skropeta who handled the crowd at the door all evening. Treasurer Ramger also took home quite a bit of loot from memberships in the CAD. The CAD convention is just 15 days away as this is written and 'tis safe to predict that the 1960 conclave will go down in history as one of the best, at least in the way of attendance. Our sincere thanks to all who attended the Rally, thereby putting the convention fund on a sound basis, financially.

Simon Himmelschein and Helen Handley of Los Angeles were married May 25 in the Wilshire Immanuel Presbyterian Church. Witnessing the ceremony were Helen's three sons and their families and several of Simon's cousins. The newlyweds drove up to Oregon and Washington on a honeymoon and took in the Oregon Association Convention before returning south. They are now at home at 1026 Marco Place, Venice, California, and friends wish them all happiness.

## KANSAS . . .

Sorry to hear of Mrs. Andrew Hamant's suffering another fall. She has been confined to her wheelchair the past several years and is under the tender care of her husband. Because of her condition, they are unable to go out so they surely will appreciate it very much if you will drive out to see and cheer them up. They live on



Mr. and Mrs. Dale Johnson, both 1959 graduates of the Minnesota School for the Deaf, were wed last June 25 at Medford, Minnesota. During 1959-1960, Mr. Johnson attended the University of Minnesota School of Agriculture, where he earned his "M" in wrestling. Mrs. Johnson has been employed as a comptometer operator. Following a wedding trip to California, the Johnsons are residing on a farm near Red Wing, Minnesota.

the Kechi Road off Highway 81 North.

No doubt there are the "Smiths" in your location. The Wichita deaf population is big enough to have had three "Deaf Smiths," who are not related to each other: Marilyn Smith, Thaine Smith, and W. A. Smith. W. A. Smith may not remain in Wichita after all if he is unable to find employment. He was on his way back to his home state, Kentucky, from California when he decided to try Wichita. He has been in the city the past two months. Thaine Smith is no longer a Wichitan since he and his family moved to Park City, thirteen miles north of Wichita.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pugh, Wichita, who celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on June 12, accompanied their daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Frick on a week's vacation in the Denver area the week of June 23. They enjoyed their stay in a motel owned by the friends of Mrs. Frick of Kansas City. They took in interesting sights which they appreciated very much. The trip was considered their belated honeymoon.

Burchard Keach enjoyed his visit with his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ora Shimer, Waynoka, Oklahoma, over the Fourth of July. His son and wife brought him as far as Waynoka on their way to Texas. The Shimers returned to Kansas with Mr. Keach. They drove to Newton, expecting to visit the Joseph Nanneys, but they were not home. They also found Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Larson, Bridgeport, not at home so the next stop was at McPherson where they visited Mrs. Sadie Tipton and spent the night with her. They then



On August 6, 1960, Mary Hughes McClure, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Jasper McClure, of Indianapolis, Indiana, became the bride of Mr. Thomas Bernard Edgar Kendrick, Jr. Following the wedding the Kendricks posed with her father and great-grandfather. Left to right: Dr. William Jasper McClure, Dr. George M. McClure, Sr., Mrs. Kendrick and Mr. Kendrick. After a trip to Michigan, the Kendricks are residing in Bloomington, Indiana. Both are graduates of the University of Indiana.

drove to Kechi to call on Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hamant for a couple of hours.

Camping near Clearwater over the Fourth was enjoyed by the Wilbur Ruge family, the Virgil Wellborn family, the Don Funkes, and the Francis Sracks.

Mrs. Alice McDonald, her daughter, husband, children, her sister, Annie, all of Zillah, Washington, dropped in for an hour's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Dibble, Wichita, July 5. They also called on Mr. and Mrs. Archie Grier and Burchard Keach. They spent the night with her aunt in Wichita. They then motored to Pryor, Oklahoma, to see her brother and wife, the Robert Reeds. Mrs. McDonald was a Wichita resident for many years until she moved to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Crabb, Wichita, had the pleasure of having as their guests her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Miller, and their children of Olathe the middle of July.

Misses Willa Field and Mina Munz, both of Wichita, were among the forty-four deaf tourists visiting Old Mexico from July 10-18. The tour was arranged by the N. A. D. and the National Railways of Mexico. The girls reported a wonderful time. You will find elsewhere in THE SILENT WORKER a full account of the tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Davis and their daughter and her husband of Leavenworth, were in Wichita July 10-11. Mrs. Davis called on her friends at the Wichita Association of the Deaf the evening of the 10th. On the 11th, they attended the Wells family's fifth annual reunion at Riverside Park.

Betty Walz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Walz, Wichita, had fun visiting the children of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eilts near Winfield the third week of July. They brought her home and spent the night in Wichita.

Kathryn Poole, daughter of Mr. and

Mrs. Earl Nuquist, Wichita, became Mrs. Paul F. Austin in the chapel of St. James Episcopal Church in Wichita the evening of July 22. The happy couple toured Arizona, Colorado and California on their wedding trip. They will make their home in Wichita and plan to enter the University of Wichita this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. George Harms, Sr., Wichita, beamed when David Carroll, their third grandchild, arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Harms, Jr., July 28. David has an eighteen-month-old sister, Leslie Gail.

Mrs. Charles Conratt, Wichita, was a recent surgery patient. She is recuperating nicely at home.

James Hanson, Wichita, who has been without work for several weeks, is now working in the pathological laboratory of St. Joseph Hospital in Wichita.

Judith Falberg, the eighteen-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Falberg, Wichita, was treated at a local hospital for a fracture of her left shoulder August 5. Sweet little Judith fell out of bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Dibble, Wichita, attended the Adams-Jones family reunion and the basket dinner at Island Park, Winfield, August 7. They then spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Thompson in that city.

Pauline Conwell was tickled pink when her father, L. M. Conwell, arrived in Wichita from San Antonio, Texas, where he had been since before Christmas. He will be at home at Potwin through the fall months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Pugh of Wichita observed their 50th wedding anniversary with an open house at their home June 12. Around 200 friends called during the afternoon to congratulate them and wish them many more years of wedded happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Pugh both attended the Kansas School

at Olathe and both are members of the N. A. D. as well as many other organizations of the deaf. They have two daughters, Mrs. R. G. Frick and Mrs. Madeline Johnson of Wichita, and one granddaughter, Mrs. Dick Steele of Glendale, Arizona, all of whom were present at the celebration.

## ARKANSAS . . .

We've been absent from these pages for some time—maybe nobody noticed—so we'll start right in and give with all the news we have gathered through the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Calhoun returned from a three-month tour of Europe happy, healthy—and broke? Their trip was a dream vacation since Mrs. Calhoun has a sister living in Florence, and she arranged long, leisurely journeys through all the interesting parts of Europe. Roy and Asta reported a fabulous time.

The above item makes all us deaf who took teeny, weeny trips in the U. S. look like picnickers—but, gosh, we can't all be as lucky as the Calhouns.

Trips taken were as follows:

Marfa and Jim Smith to St. Louis for a Boone family reunion (Was Daniel there?) and then a trip to Altus, Oklahoma, to see their third grandchild. Little Martha Ann made her debut in April. Anybody who calls her Marfa will get hit over the head with a baseball bat by the writer. Jim has retired from his teaching job and is now living the life of Riley. He, Will Hill, and Charles Athy are full of plans to make their days of retirement joyful, and if you know those three gents like we do, you can bet they'll have a BALL!

J. L. Jackson, the L. R. Silents' top jumper, has something else to jump about. Jerry Jackson came into this world May 21. Sister Sandra and Mother Willie Ann are also in the jumping act.

The Rabys have a new baby boy, too, and after three girls that is something to brag about. The Maxwell Mercers have put in an order for a girl—they have two boys, and we hope to report that they got what they asked for in our next news report.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Zimble of Philadelphia were in Little Rock for a visit. Their son Dr. Jimmy Zimble came with them, and the deaf folks in town were so glad to see them. They were tendered a lovely reception by Katie Kimbro at a local hotel, and all the people in town were invited to say "hi" to the Zimbles. The void the Zimbles left when they moved east has never been filled, and we hope that some day they will come back to Little Rock to live.

Burton Moore, son of the Donald Moores, was married at a lovely ceremony to Catherine Wise. The young couple reside in Little Rock. Donald was presented with a 35-year service pin by the bakery for which he works.

Mr. and Mrs. Race Drake drove west for their vacation. Race went to the Colorado Episcopal Conference of Church Workers among the Deaf, and Lorene and young Donna visited Lor-



ene's sister in Kansas. Son Fred, who is a sophomore at Gallaudet, worked in Governor Faubus' headquarters at the beginning of the summer, and then at the deaf school the latter part.

Judy Westfall and Alice Crow, our other Gallaudet students, were fortunate in securing summer jobs in an office here.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nicolai went to Minnesota for the summer. Louis worked in a printing shop, and Ella worked as a hotel maid, which she says was SOME job!

Carmen Slaven is back in Arkansas. She will teach physical education at the deaf school, and everybody is tickled pink to have her here again.

Mrs. Albert Hopkins went to Texas for her vacation. She made the trip by air, and she says that's the only way to travel.

Mrs. L. R. Fulmer had a long, long, long facation. She spent several months out west, taking in Arizona, California, Washington State, and Oregon. Husband Leu Relle batched it while she was away.

Betty Marsden, Cora Johnson, and Rosalie Jordan went to the WMU Conference in Ridgecrest, North Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Crow had open house in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde James from Fort Myers, Florida.

Earl Bell was laid low with a bad case of lumbago. He is up and about now full of plans for the coming winter.

Taking in the N.A.D. convention in Dallas were Mildred DeArman, Carmen Slaven, Muriel Malloy, and Charlotte Collums. The latter, along with daughter Cindy, spent two weeks in Chicago in Milwaukee in August.

There is a new deaf club in Little Rock, the Pulaski Club of the Deaf. It is managed by the younger generation, and we hope it has a long, healthy, and prosperous life. They had a big picnic at the clubrooms on Labor Day and drew a sizeable crowd. President of the new club is Charles Helm.

That's all for now. We are sorry if we missed reporting all the tidbits that should have been reported. We hope to hit the pages of the SW again sometime, so send us your news if you want to see your name in print. (Who doesn't?)

## MISSOURI . . .

We were sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Sadie Woods Jenkins of Kansas City. She was 85 years old. She was matron at the Kansas School for the Deaf during the 1920's.

Carolyn and Bobby Morris have had unfortunate accidents lately; Carolyn stepped on a nail and infection set in her heel; Bobby was bitten by a dog and then was kept under observation for ten days. Again, Bobby hurt himself falling and hitting his head on a radiator, requiring three stitches. All is well in the Robert Morris family now.

Mercedes Lago spent her vacation in Miami and reported a wonderful time. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Nedrow and family accompanied by Mrs. Nedrow's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Weber, visited the Milam Butlers (nee Dorothy Weber)

in Dallas on July 8. Georgetta Graybill visited her sister and family in Houston on June 30 and then went on to the N. A. D. Convention in Dallas. On her way home she stopped to visit Mr. and Mrs. Morris Whitaker and son in Lexington, Kentucky. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Reilly attended the International Catholic Association of the Deaf Convention in San Francisco and also visited other points of interest in California and Utah for three weeks. The Reillys' son, Jerry, stationed at Moffett Base, took them on a tour of San Francisco when he had several days leave.

Our sympathy goes to Freddie Rentschler on his recent week's stay in Providence Hospital for some serious dental work.

Mrs. Jewel Whemeyer, Harold Kistler, Frank Doctor, Mike McGlynn, Carol Brown, and D. Wigger were among those from this area who attended the N. A. D. Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hankins vacationed for a week in Clinton and Branson.

Jimmy Curtis is recuperating at home after a stay in Menorah Hospital.

The annual Manhattan (Kansas) Picnic on July 17 was enjoyed by quite a few from the Kansas City area.

Mrs. Dixon of Tacoma, Washington, spent a two weeks' vacation visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Don Johnson, and family at Bethel, Kansas. Several friends gathered and enjoyed a dinner at the Golden Ox before she returned home.

Mrs. Art Sherman of Washington, D. C., spent a few days visiting her friends in Olathe and Kansas City after attending the N. A. D. Convention in Dallas.

## OREGON . . .

The following news was sent in by Estella M. Lange, 1440 Marshall Drive, S.E., Salem, Oregon:

Tom Ulmer was hospitalized at Salem Memorial recently for knee surgery, the result of an injury sustained many years ago; however, he is up and around again, all smiles.

On his way to attend the N. A. D. Convention as the Oregon Association delegate, Keith Lange stopped over enroute to attend the wedding of his younger brother in Denison, Iowa, June 19 and then spent two weeks at Wecota, South Dakota, with his parents, resting up for the big N. A. D. meet at Dallas.

Among those from Salem who attended the Lutheran Church Camp at Portland July 3-5 were Mr. and Mrs. William Toll, Cleo Gunderson, Burga Zumkeller, Estella Lange, and Mr. and Mrs. George Hill. All reported a relaxing vacation with about 100 deaf attending from the Pacific Northwest. Among the ministers in attendance were Rev. George Ring of Portland, Rev. John Beyer of Seattle, Rev. George Gaertner of Oakland, and Rev. Rodney Rynearson of Spokane.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Roberts and three sons of Flint, Michigan, delighted friends by stopping over in Salem for a brief visit during July.



Henry and Elaine Winicki are shown at the time of their housewarming at their new home in Van Nuys, California. The beautifully decorated cake was made by Phyllis Newman and shows their new home, two dogs, and even the family cat.

If you have yet to visit San Francisco's famous Chinatown, just go over and see Cleo Gunderson, and she will tell you all about it since she and a friend recently covered every square foot of the place. Cleo spent most of her three week vacation visiting her sister at Redding, California.

We happily report three more members of the N. A. D.'s Dollar-a-Month Club: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wood and Vernon Peterson. The Woods generously donated \$150 to the N. A. D. also.

A most happy gathering occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John G. O'Brien August 14 when Omicron Tau Chapter members, along with their husbands, gathered to surprise the O'Briens upon the occasion of their silver wedding anniversary. Daughter Elizabeth helped them with the surprise, and whilst John and Juanita were recovering from the shock, Georgia Ulmer, Jean Teets, and Estella Lange scurried about in the kitchen preparing a delicious potluck dinner out of the various dishes, including a huge cake the girls had brought. Dinner was served out in the O'Brien's back yard under the large apple tree, and John and Juanita cut the anniversary cake amidst the popping of flash bulbs by Georgia Ulmer who recorded the happy event on film. Joining in the presentation of twenty-five shining silver dollars were Mr. and Mrs. Stokesbary and children, Mabel Armstrong, Dora Craven, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Rife, Mr. and Mrs. Royal Teets, Virginia Diet. Dr. Helen Northrop, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tuccinardi, Georgia Ulmer, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Whitney, and Keith and Estelle Lange and children. August 14 will be long remembered by all who participated.

## Roaming the Range

### With El Gaucho

By Troy E. Hill

About the only roaming El Gaucho has been doing lately was up and down the stairways, elevators, and ballrooms of Hotel Adolphus during the July 2-9 convention of the N.A.D.

Chairman Louis B. Orrill and his co-workers really did a marvelous job of preparing for and carrying out the convention program. Everything went off on schedule, and everyone seemed to have a good time.

While not the largest convention, as far as attendance went, we think it was one of the best, and those who worked long and hard to provide the entertainment at the banquet and the N.A.D. Rally are due an extra pat on the back, for they were well prepared, and their acts went over big.

For the first time in his life, El Gaucho was unable to get the floor at a meeting of the N.A.D. when the future of THE SILENT WORKER was being discussed. We had a few words we wanted to say on the subject and felt qualified to speak on the subject, but President Burnes ruled that this particular session was for Representatives only.

We don't claim to have much of a memory these days, so if we overlook some of the old friends in this article, just put it down to the fact that "we ain't as young as we uster be."

The first arrivals in Dallas for the convention were Miss Dorothy Schaff, of Akron, and Mrs. Izora Sherman, of Washington, D. C., who were followed closely by Mr. and Mrs. Leo L. (Pearla Cooper) Lewis, of Virginia, and then they came in droves, from East and West, from North and South.

Since somebody had to do it, we stayed at the hotel on July 4 and registered the visitors while nearly everyone else was out at the picnic and rodeo at the Austin Ranch on Lake Grapevine. At five o'clock we closed up shop and went to Love Field to meet Dr. and Mrs. David Peikoff, of Toronto, Canada, who were to arrive at 6:35, and take them to the picnic. They arrived on schedule together with Mrs. Peikoff's cousin, and as we stepped out of the airport terminal into the 90-plus temperature I made the crack that possibly by the time we reached the lake it would be somewhat cooler. Sure enough, we had no more than parked the car and got into the crowd, when the heavens opened up and rain poured down for an hour or more.

Board Member G. Dewey Coats, originally from Arkansas but now of Missouri, whom we had last seen at Gallaudet way back in 1917, was the first visitor to greet us in the hotel meeting room. Later on Carl B. Smith, the deaf barber, who thought for a while we didn't know who he was; Mr. and Mrs. Ted Griffing of Sulphur, Oklahoma; Miss Angela Watson of San Francisco; and Mrs. Thelma Gray of Los Angeles, both former classmates of the wife; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Allen of Minnesota; Robert Greenmun, much heavier than when we saw him in Dal-



**DALLAS ENTERTAINERS**—at the banquet and at the N.A.D. Rally local talent was in abundance. In this picture, left to right: Mrs. Billy Collins, Mrs. Milam Butler, Mrs. Tom Withrow, Mrs. Don McCumber, Ann Morgan, Mrs. Gus Curbello, Bob Wood, and Mrs. Bobby Hallmark. The three big black boys are Neim Shelton, Gus Curbello, and Milam Butler.

las back in 1937, but with the same crinkly smile on his face; Dr. and Mrs. Byron B. Burnes, of Berkeley, California; Milly DeArman and Mrs. Columns of Little Rock; and later in the week Luther Shibley and Howard Palmer, also of Little Rock.

Texans by the droves kept coming and going throughout the week. Since the good doctor who saved my life last year says I must take three vacations a year, I decided a good place to spend one of them was right there in the Adolphus Hotel, and believe me, I do not for a minute regret the rest and the opportunity to meet so many o'd friends: the Rudy Gamblins of Amarillo, Jack DeArman, Mr. and Mrs. James Gray and Mrs. Mamie Runkle of Tulsa, the latter one of the belles of the Texas School and of Gallaudet College in the early 1900's

Mrs. Teet Varley Byrnes of Whitesboro, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hensley, Mr. and Mrs. Seth Crockett, Gwen Butler, Bert Poss, and some 40 other Austinites were on hand as were Mr. and Mrs. Carey Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Early McVey, and also some 40-odd from Houston.

One of our blunders was taking Dave Wilson of Cleveland to be deaf, since he signs better than many of the deaf. He is the son of an old Akron friend, David Wilson, Sr., and is the N.A.D.'s auditor. Former Supt. Gough of the Oklahoma School and Supt. and Mrs. Grace of Austin, came. Mrs. Johnnie Boswell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bright of Dallas, was official interpreter.

One of Dallas' brighter young law-

yers, Ralph Churchill, who is a good signer, gave the invocation Wednesday morning. He interprets for the deaf at the Church of Christ in Dallas and is a real friend.

Much to our surprise California provided the most visitors with our neighboring state of Oklahoma holding down second place. California had 28, and Oklahoma had 22 registered.

Quite a number of state association presidents were present. The oldest active member of the N.A.D. on hand was Dr. Marcus L. Kenner, of New York City. Dr. Kenner has been in the N.A.D. since way back in the days of Patterson, Greener, Veditz, Cloud, Pach, and other famous leaders of the past, and he's still as spry as ever.

Since we couldn't participate in the discussions, we paid little or no attention. El Gaucho loves a debate, and we would have been simply miserable to have had to sit on our hands when some controversy arose. But one thing we feel safe in saying, none of the visitors went home and complained about the dullness of the Dallas Convention, for all we talked to seemed to be enjoying themselves.

We met quite a number of the newer generation, but as we have said before our memory isn't so hot these days, and to try and remember the 700-odd people by name would be a job for an Einstein, but we did enjoy meeting some folks from our old hometown of Richmond, Virginia, and other parts of the state. We spent 18 months in the beautiful capital of Virginia and played baseball with the Richmond team which had such players as Doc Beasley,



Rogers, Wickline, Llewellyn, and others and won quite a few games that 1918 summer.

Oscar Williams of Akron we recall being all over the place, as he is during all national meetings, and Frank Doctor of Olathe, Kansas.

A surprise visitor was L. Stephen Cherry, president of NFSD, and Brooks Monaghan of Memphis, the southern vice president.

Miss Iona Dibble of Denver, whom we first met in Denver the year she arrived from New York City, was another old friend we took delight in meeting once again.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Whisman of Indianapolis were on their first visit to Texas, and they seemed able to stand the heat fairly well.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Humphreys of Vancouver, Washington, were here on one of their frequent visits home.

## NEW YORK-NEW JERSEY . . .

A party of 16, under the guidance of Stanley Lenner and Roy Stroedecke, enjoyed a fishing trip off Jersey shores near Island Beach between Brielle and Barnagat Light on July 16. Among the haul were flukes, skates, sand sharks, sea robins, snails, and shells. Among the party: Fannie Bove, Sadie Pizzulo, Virginia Marsicano, Jane Becker, Rita Beaty, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stroedecke, Stanley Hoffman, Sheila Lenner, Esther Franzblau, and Stanley Lenner.

Northern Valley Club of New Jersey had an all day outing at Ringwood Country Club near Sloatsburg on July 24. Arrangements were made by Lee Brody, assisted by Sol Soll, James Stern, Richard Myers, and a few others. Water sledding, swimming, and horseback riding were enjoyed. Among visitors present were Larry Newman, formerly of Rome but now of Riverside, California; Peter and Adele Shuart with baby Karen; and Cole and Susan (Grever) Zulauf.

The next Northern Valley Club affair will be a party on October 29. Club members have been gathering each weekend at Arcola Swimming Pool Club.

Births: A daughter, Marlene Hope, to Alan and Betty Krieger on July 8; a daughter, Melinda Marcia, to Alfred and Selma Weinrib on July 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Franzblau of Newark have a coin-operated launderette near their home.

The Union League had two outings in August—at Lake Davis on August 13 and at Asbury Park on August 27.

The Sisterhood of HAD will have a Charity Night on October 22.

News from the New York-New Jersey area should be sent to Jane E. Becker, 514 West End Avenue, New York 24, before the tenth of each month. She is substituting for Peggy Hlibok as SILENT WORKER correspondent.

## COLORADO . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Pavalko, while on their vacation in July, attended the N. A. D. Convention and visited Alex's family. They saw JoAnn Berkeley, formerly of Denver, and learned she

had been working in Austin for the past two years.

There was a nice meeting of Mrs. S. Rozelle McCall of Baltimore and Miss Ione Dibble of Denver at the recent N. A. D. convention at Dallas, some forty years after Gallaudet College days of 1925 and 1928. They met again at the CAD picnic at the Garden of the Gods in Colorado Springs on July 23 as Mr. McCall is now visiting his sister in Denver. Ione was one of those who took the tour of Mexico following the N. A. D. Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Tezaks of Joliet, Illinois, stopped over in Denver while on their honeymoon and visited the Rea Hinrichs.

Bill and Elsie Reynolds and the Rea Hinrichs spent the Fourth of July weekend in Glenwood Springs swimming, fishing, and relaxing.

Mrs. Bob Catron and family of Lewiston, Montana, dropped in to Denver for a day to visit Mrs. Margaret Herbold and friends. They are former residents of Denver. Mrs. Herbold spent two weeks visiting her daughter Shirley and family in Enid, Oklahoma. Shirley's husband may go overseas.

Mrs. Fred Schmidt (Lorraine) tells us the following story: During July while on vacation we had a little excitement at our house. We were cooking steaks on the grill on a Saturday night and had the barbecue outfit in the garage because of the wind. Freddie had left the attic door open, and the smoke from the grill came out the vents. Some overly helpful neighbor called the firemen, and they almost had the hose in the attic before I could explain the smoke was only from the steaks on the grill, even though it surely looked like the house was on fire.

Tom Rucker of Georgia is spending the summer in Denver and Colorado Springs. On his way back to Denver from the CAD picnic in Colorado Springs, he picked up a hitchhiker who turned out to be one of the Scoutmasters at the Boy Scout Jamboree held north of Colorado Springs in July. The rider told Tom to drop him off near the gate, but Tom insisted on taking him clear to his tent if he would be permitted to do so. So, at the gate the Scoutmaster showed the guard his pass, and Tom drove the Scoutmaster all the way to his tent while 56,000 boys were sleeping.

We heard some belated news the other day and simply must tell all that David Anthony of Denver made a "fly-by-night" trip to New York last May. It seems he was sent, expenses paid, as a delegate from some student exchange group. What makes it outstanding is that the group is a "hearing" group and David was the only deaf person. Thanks to Juanita Greb for this item.

The Convention of the Conference of Church Workers Among the Deaf (CCWAD for short) was held at the Evergreen Camp Grounds July 10-16. Rev. Homer E. Grace of Denver was the chairman of the event, with the help of Rev. William L. Shattuck of Canon City. An open house was held at St. Marks Episcopal Church on July 9 by the All Souls Guild, with Eva

Fraser in charge. Charles Billings was in charge of the transportation to Evergreen and also of the sightseeing tour on July 14. Those from Denver who spent the week at Evergreen were Mr. and Mrs. James Tuskey, Mrs. Iona Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Billings and children, with Miss Lucille Wolpert and Mr. and Mrs. Rasey commuting daily. Rev. and Mrs. Grace were there, too.

Since your reporter was not at the Conference and did not witness the accident of Mr. and Mrs. Billings, we will quote from the Mission News, edited by Rev. Grace: The only accident that occurred during the week could have been tragic. As Mr. and Mrs. Billings and son Kirk started to get into their car, somehow the gear shift was knocked loose, and the car started to roll backward downhill, knocking Mr. Billings down, and he was fortunately able to grab a hold of the car. Mrs. Billings fell on top of him and Kirk on top. The car rolled about fifty feet swerving and came to a stop. One can well imagine the tortures Mr. Billings underwent being dragged over gravelly rocks, but his tenacious grip was all that saved Mrs. Billings and Kirk. As it was, she incurred a deep cut on her ankle and a fractured leg, besides numerous bruises. Kirk was unhurt. The Evergreen ambulance was called and took Mr. and Mrs. Billings to Mercy Hospital in Denver with state police leading. The only injury to Mr. Billings was a badly lacerated back that looked like it had gone through a meat grinder. He was brought back to the Conference grounds that evening by Mr. Clarence Kamminga. Mrs. Billings stayed in the hospital till the following Saturday. At this time Charles is all right, Mrs. Billings gets around very well on crutches, and Kirk is grinning as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Cuscaden of Omaha came to Denver on a two-fold purpose—to spend one week at Evergreen at the Conference and afterward visit their daughters in Denver, Mary Elstad and Roberta Wyatt.

Mrs. Pat Zinkowich and two daughters (we didn't get her name right last month) stayed with the Elstads one week. When she left Denver, she was to go to California and then drive through Montana and Canada back to Alaska and hoped to be home before Labor Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ward and four children from North Dakota stopped in Denver to visit the Loren Elstads and Alex Pavalkos. Toy and Loren were schoolmates in the North Dakota School and hadn't seen each other for fourteen years. Mrs. Pavalko also attended the North Dakota School.

The biennial picnic of the Colorado Association of the Deaf was held at the Chuck Wagon site in the Garden of the Gods in Colorado Springs on July 23. A large turnout of deaf, mostly from Denver and Colorado Springs enjoyed the favorable weather. Fred Gustafson, our Colorado Springs correspondent, was chairman of the committee, assisted by Herman Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Owens, William Cart, Mrs. Dorothy Puzick, Leslie Geist, Tony Danti, Tony Quitana, Mary Helen Her-

nandez, and Mr. and Mrs. Gene Thompson. Delicious meals were served at noon and in the evening. In the afternoon Thomas Fishler, delegate to the N. A. D. Convention, gave a report. Just before Mr. Fishler's report, Don Warnick, president of the CAD, presented a walnut plaque to Fred Gustafson. A gold plate was engraved: "To Fred Gustafson in Appreciation for His Continuous Work for the Colorado Association of the Deaf, 1960." Fred was really much surprised and could hardly speak his appreciation. Charles Billings, secretary, spoke on the proposed state civil service amendment that would affect the Colorado School teachers and which will be on the ballot in November, and he urged all of us to vote against it unless the state changes it to eliminate the school teachers from the amendment. Mrs. Fred Schmidt interpreted orally Mr. Fishler's report.

Kenneth Rodarte, a former Coloradoan now living in California, was present at the picnic as he was spending his vacation in Denver. Conrad Urbach of Fort Morgan had with him a deaf couple from Buffalo whose names we did not get. Mrs. Willard Crosby, nee Marie Romero of Garden City, Kansas, was present at the picnic as she was visiting her folks in Pueblo.

The Immanuel Lutheran Church in Colorado Springs was the scene of a big wedding on July 9 when Edward LeBlanc and Jean Ryan, both of Colorado Springs, were united in marriage by the Rev. William H. Lange, pastor of Bethel Lutheran Church of the Deaf, Denver. Jo Ann Ryan was the maid of honor, and Billy Lamm was best man; ushers were Joe Chifalo and Don Bartley. Dolly Keliher and Dorothy Puzick assisted at the reception. The couple made their honeymoon trip to Carlsbad Caverns, El Paso and points of interest in Colorado.

On June 26 at Skyway Baptist Church Fred Gustafson was surprised to meet Rev. David G. Dean, Jr., pastor of the Baptist Silents in Dallas, and his attractive wife, Pauline, and his parents and her deaf mother, whose name he does not remember, still living in Houston. Mrs. Dean interpreted the services to the few deaf present. They spent their one-week vacation in the Pikes Peak region, and Fred learned much about the church work of the deaf Baptists in Dallas.

Tom Lee, a Colorado School pupil in 1933, and his two deaf sons, Billy and Roland, stopped to visit Fred Gustafson at his home on July 16. Before that they had visited the school and found no one there except Supt. Stelle checking Palmer Hall which has been renovated. They, with Mrs. Lee, the former Billie Mae Stinnett, an Oklahoma product, had been traveling through New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and then Colorado. They were in Colorado Springs visiting Mrs. Lee's mother who is an employee at the Straton Home.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Owens and two sons started their vacation on June 10, first driving to Beulah, Colorado, to visit his mother and continuing through New Mexico, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida to Mil-

dred's mother's restaurant on Anna Maria Island, Florida. The Owens spent most of their vacation in Florida and attended the Florida Association of the Deaf Convention which was held June 16-18 at Orlando. On the return trip they stopped in St. Augustine to visit the Florida School for the Deaf and the Blind. There they met Supt. Wallace

and a few other friends of Mildred's.

Mrs. Iona T. Simpson of Denver returned home on June 26 after a month's stay in Alaska. She accompanied her sister who went to visit her daughter and son-in-law at an army base. They visited Anchorage and Juneau. Mrs. Simpson came home by plane, but her sister stayed a little longer.

## 1960 TOP MARKS OF SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF TRACKMEN

Following is a list of best performances by school for the deaf trackmen during the 1960 season. The "Deaf Olympic" standard for each event is in parentheses.

### 100 Yard Dash (10.3)

Ron Wood (Berkeley), 9.8 (ties national record); Ernest Richmond (Illinois), 10.0; Dennis Miller (Minnesota), 10.1; James Cheese (West Virginia), 10.1; Wayne Fox (North Carolina), 10.2; Leo Reid (Oregon), 10.4; Dick Itta (Washington), 10.4; Walt Sumoski (Washington), 10.4; Larry Richards (West Virginia), 10.4

### 220 Yard Dash (23.0)

Dennis Miller (Minnesota), 22.7; Dick Itta (Washington), 22.7; James Cheese (West Virginia), 22.8; Larry Richards (West Virginia), 22.8; Leo Reid (Oregon), 23.0; John Gallo (Iowa), 23.0.

### 440 Yard Dash (52.0)

Ron Wood (Berkeley), 51.3; Jerry Williams (Arizona), 53.3; Walt Sumoski (Washington), 53.7; Wilbert Reed (Michigan), 54.0; Dennis Smith (South Dakota), 54.0; Roger Denney (Oklahoma), 54.2.

### 880 Yard Run (2:05)

Kevin Kelley (St. Mary's), 2:01.4; Norman White Shirt (South Dakota), 2:05.1; Robert Scriptor (Michigan), 2:05.2; Sam Palazzotto (Louisiana), 2:07.2; Melvin Pederson (Berkeley), 2:08.1; Les Borgens (Washington), 2:08.3.

### One Mile Run (4:35)

Norman White Shirt (South Dakota), 4:38.2; Kevin Kelley (St. Mary's), 4:39.2; Brian Powers (Oregon), 4:42.1; Clyde Barte (Maryland), 4:43.6; Henry Lopez (Arizona), 4:48.5; Mike White (Berkeley), 4:50.1.

### 120 Yard High Hurdles (15.8)

Gary Hendrix (Washington), 15.3; John Nesvig (North Dakota), 15.6; Brown Jordan (Michigan), 15.8; Wayne Osborne (Mississippi), 15.9; Larry Phillips (Berkeley), 16.7; Bill Ramborger (Riverside), 16.8.

### 180 Yard Low Hurdles (21.0)

Brown Jordan (Michigan), 20.1; John Nesvig (North Dakota), 20.7; Gary Hendrix (Washington), 21.0; Deotis Goodwin (Indiana), 21.2; Dennis Hoppe (South Dakota), 21.2; Mannie Valencia (Arizona), 21.3.

### High Jump (5-10)

George Lowe (Berkeley), 6-0; Stanlev Eure (Maryland), 5-11; Edmond Johnson (Oklahoma), 5-10; Larry Purcell (Missouri), 5-8; Harold Johnson (North Carolina), 5-8; Glen Wolfangle (St. Mary's), 5-7; Dick Ramborger (Riverside), 5-7; Harold Williamson (North Carolina), 5-7.

### Broad Jump (21 feet)

Deotis Goodwin (Indiana), 20-10½; Ernest Richmond (Illinois), 20-9; Glen Wolfangle (St. Mary's), 20-3½; Mannie Valencia (Arizona), 19-10½; Ron Wood (Berkeley), 19-8; Glen Manion (Missouri), 19-8; Tom McClintock (Missouri), 19.8.

### Shot Put (50 feet)

Ronald Joyce (Minnesota), 45-8¾; Tom Ripic (St. Mary's), 44-11¾; Melvin Lind (Illinois), 44-3; Larry Jones (West Virginia), 43-5; Melvin Turner (Riverside), 43-2¾; Bob Poncar (Illinois), 42-9.

### Discus (140 feet)

Tom Ripic (St. Mary's), 151-1¾; Edwin Skari (North Dakota), 142-8; Bob Poncar (Illinois), 135-6; Jim Settlemaier (Berkeley), 125-0; Carl Boyer (Georgia), 121½; Walter Luikart (West Virginia), 120-1.

### Pole Vault (11 feet)

G. L. Tatum (Mississippi), 10-9; A. J. Marshall (Indiana), 10-8½; Ronnie Gross (Arizona), 10-6; Bill Reynolds (Oklahoma), 10-6; Carrol Woods (Michigan), 10-6; James Berry (Louisiana), 10-6; Harry Trahan (Louisiana), 10-6.

### 880 Yard Relay

Michigan, 1:35.5; Arizona, 1:35.8; Berkeley, 1:36.7; Louisiana, 1:36.8; Indiana, 1:37.7; Tennessee, 1:37.7.

**TEAM SCORING IN NATIONAL MYTHICAL MEET:** Berkeley, 46; St. Mary's, 43 1-3; Michigan, 37 3-5; Washington, 32½; Illinois, 29; Arizona, 25 3-5; North Dakota, 24; South Dakota, 24; Minnesota, 24; Indiana, 22½; West Virginia, 20¼; Mississippi, 14; Louisiana, 12 1-5; Maryland, 12; Oklahoma, 9 3-5; Oregon, 7¾; North Carolina, 5 1-3; Missouri, 5; Georgia, 2; Iowa, 1½; Tennessee, 1½; Kansas, 0; Ohio, 0; Wisconsin, 0; American, 0; Nebraska, 0; Florida, 0; Idaho, 0.



Led By 16-Year-Old Sophomore Speedster Ron Wood

## Berkeley Takes National Crown

Tom Ripic of St. Mary's Sets 151-1 $\frac{3}{4}$  National Discus Mark . . . John Nesvig of North Dakota and Brown Jordan of Michigan State Hurdle Champs . . . U.S.A. "Deaf Olympic" Squad Named

By ART KRUGER

St. Mary's Tom Ripic set a national school for the deaf discus record, and California School for the Deaf at Berkeley paced by 16-year-old sensational Ron Wood, captured the team championship in the 18th annual national mythical track and field meet.

The most surprising development was the showing of colorful Coach John Rybak's boys from Buffalo in this meet. It was a team race that went right down to the concluding 880 relay. Final score was 46-42 1-3 in Berkeley's favor over St. Mary's. Michigan was third with 37 3-5, and defending champion Indiana was tenth with 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

It looks as if we will have a strong USA outfit at the forthcoming International Games for the Deaf at Helsinki, Finland, August 6-10, 1961. Several schools produced quite a few really outstanding performers and we're especially glad to know we have a good crop of sprinters and distance men, not to mention those hurdlers.

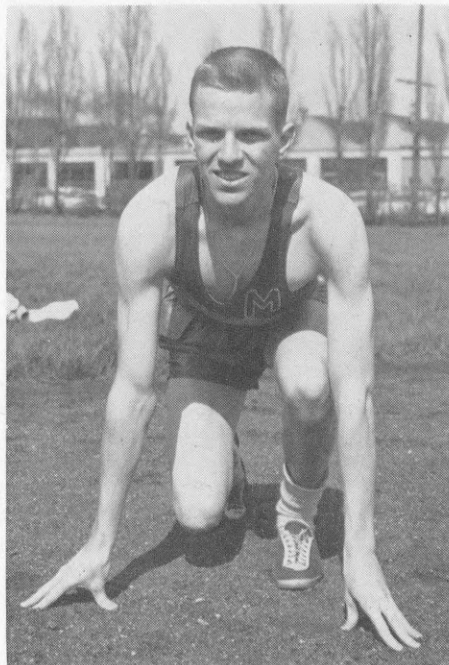
Elsewhere in this sports section is a list of the members of the USA "Deaf Olympic" men's track and field team selected after a thorough study. They were picked because they have been consistent winners. A few of them may not make the team but will be taken along as spares, and some may not.

We find we have more than adequate material in the sprints, about average in the middle distances, weights and hurdles, and below our real potential in the vault and broad jump. The high jump should be an interesting event.

### Wood Was Sensational!

Ron Wood of Newark, California, was the main reason why the Berkeley school took its second team championship for Coach Dave Fraley and its fourth national crown in the history of the national mythical trackfests.

One of our outstanding choices for the USA "Deaf Olympic" team, Ron was tabbed the deaf trackster of the year. Only a sophomore, he set two new Bay Counties High School League



**Kevin Kelley, a junior of St. Mary's, is the nation's most valuable trackster. He turned in the third fastest 880 in history of American deafdom when he did it in 2:01.4. He will run in the 800 and 5000 meters at the Helsinki International Games for the Deaf.**

records in the league finals at Sir Francis Drake High School in San Anselmo, 9.8 in the 100-yard dash and 51.3 in the 440. He led his school to an undefeated season in dual and triangular meets. He did not lose a race all season. His FIVE 10.1 performances in the century and FOUR less than 52 second efforts in the 440 are enough to convince us that he has it. And we believe that after next year's track season we'll see even better marks in his track records.

His 9.8 tied the national school for the deaf record, shared with Armstrong Elliott of Maryland (1935) and Bob Miller of Kansas (1947). The national record for the 440 is 49.7 set by Ted Hames of North Carolina (1951). Ron did not run the 220, but the day he

ran 9.8 in the league finals, we're sure that if he kept going to the 220 mark he would have done under 22 flat. The national record for the 220 is 22.2 set by Edward Rodman of New Jersey in 1934.

Ron, by the way, is considered the best trackster the school has ever had. He is a very likeable boy and has many friends both in and out of school. His dad, Velvin R. Wood, a police officer for the University of California, has already worked on the matter of raising funds for Ron's trip to Finland.

It will take \$1350 for each athlete who attends and participates in the IX International Games for the Deaf. The money needed is to be raised locally to send the outstanding deaf athletes to this most important event. The funds must be available by April 1, 1961, if they are to go.

In every community across the nation the deaf athletes are being aided by local civic organizations interested in giving their own a chance at fame for themselves and their community.

Berkeley has another outstanding performer in George Lowe who is also 16 years old and a sophomore. He was the first deaf performer to clear SIX feet in the high jump since Gilbert Brown, Mt. Airy's great Negro star, who did it in 1950. Lowe, by the way, has been jumping 5-10 consistently and is Bay County's League champion with a 5-10 effort.

### Ripic Uncoils a National Discus Mark

In 1956, we tried to get John Rybak to get his school to form a varsity track and field team. He is a top-notch coach, and we knew he would do wonders with his track team as he did with his basketball team. He did listen to our plea, and the following year he got his school to organize. It paid off, for his school walked off with second place honors in the national mythical trackfest.

This year St. Mary's produced two great performers in Kevin Kelley and



**MICHIGAN SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF'S** combo of Wilbert Reed, Caswell Hassell, Brown Jordan, and Don Smith (left to right) ran the fastest deaf prep 880 yard relay in the nation during the 1960 season. Time was 1:35.5.

Tom Ripic. They are shoo-ins for the USA squad because they're certainly "Deaf Olympic" calibre. They improved greatly after competing in the Eastern "Deaf Olympic" regional meet held at Washington, D. C., under the auspices of Gallaudet College last spring. Kelley was tabbed the nation's most valuable trackster, while Ripic was chosen the most improved competitor.

On June 9, at the Western New York All-Catholic High School Track and Field Meet held at the University of Buffalo's Rotary Field, Kelley sped 880 in 2:01.4 to lower the two-year mark of Cansius High School's John Cleary by 0.8 of a second. This is the second fastest time recorded by a deaf trackster in the history of American track.

Kelley's terrific. His string of undefeated 880 races this year was the talk of the town. He is a great competitor. He is on a year around training program.

Kelley has also been a great cross country runner in WNY Catholic high school circles for the past two years. He was selected on the All-Catholic FIRST team the past two years. He has a great heart, stamina, and perseverance. He practices a lot even on days that there is no formal practice. He's a junior at St. Mary's, but he will be eligible for high school competition

next year. He'll be back at school this fall, and Coach John Rybak plans to enter him in several AAU meets next year.

They have been telling us that Kevin Kelley MUST go. Naturally we do not doubt that he will make a great showing in Finland. He is a dedicated runner—no question about that. They liked what they saw in that boy when he dogged Gerald Buyas' heels all the way in the 5000 meters at the Eastern "Deaf Olympics" regionals only to slip back a few yards at the end. Kelley will be great in the 5000!

**At the seventh annual Western New York All-Catholic high school finals last June 9, Tom Ripic, a 190-pound junior, won first place in the discus with a toss of 151 feet 1¼ inches for a new national school for the deaf record. He became the first deaf prepster to break the 150-ft. barrier. He has grown stronger every meet since competing in the Eastern "Deaf Olympic" meet in which he came in second. He has thrown the discus over 140 feet all year. He, like Kelley, is on a year around training program.**

There is no limit to what Tom Ripic can do with that platter. He is not quite as big as Mighty Joe Russell, but his arms are rather long, and he seems to know what to do with them

better than many stronger discus throwers.

### Sprinters

Besides Berkeley's sensational Ron Wood, we have other fine sprinters in Dennis Miller of Minnesota, Leo Reid of Oregon, James Cheese of West Virginia, Dick Itta of Washington, Walt Sumoski of Washington, James MacFadden of Gallaudet from Los Angeles, and Dennis Wernimont of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Reid is a very versatile athlete, and this was his first year of competitive sports. During his first two high school years, he suffered from a hepatitis infection and then broke his ankle, nixing participation for a third year. So this being his first year, Leo did remarkably well. He was a consistent winner in both the 100 and the 220. He's a senior, but he will be back and is eligible for high school competition next year. In the Northwest "Deaf Olympic" regionals held at Salem, Oregon, Reid beat both Sumoski and Itta in the 100 and the 220.

Led by Reid's 23½-point individual show, Oregon School for the Deaf won its first Marion B league district track meet in the school's history. OSD finished far in front of the pack with 104 1-3 points.

It was a soggy day in Salem when trackmen from the Marion B league traveled to Oregon School for the Deaf for its district meet. Only in a portion of the early morning events were the B cindermen given a ghost of a chance of turning in really top-flight performances. They responded with a few respectable marks, anyway. Reid was one of them when he splashed to a swift 23.3 clocking in the 220, battling three-inch-deep water to do it. He also won in the 100 in 10.6.

Reid participated in the 220 finals in the state Class B but failed to place. He had a series of bad starts. The starter shot his gun on the first false start and Reid came back, but on the second false start in the 100 yard dash, the starter blew a whistle which Reid did not hear. So he ran the 100 alone, and then he had to go back and run it again. Between 5 p.m. and 7:15 p.m. he ran two 100-yard dashes, a 220 final, threw the discus, and ran a leg in the 880 relay. After two false starts in the 100 and as many in the 220, he became leery of the starter, and as a result his starts were very poor. All of this goes to show that Reid is a better contender than the results of the state meet indicate.



Minnesota's Miller, a versatile Negro athlete, won three firsts and paced his school to win the conference meet title. He established a record in the 100 in 10.4 and won first place in the 220 with a 23.0 clocking. He went into the state regional meet and took fifth place in the 220. His brother, Butch, is currently state high school champ in the 100 and the 220. He attends a Minneapolis high school.

Sumoski, hampered by injuries and sickness, had run the 100 in 10.6, 10.6, 10.6, 10.4, 10.5, and 10.6, but should be at his best next year.

Itta had some wonderful times considering track conditions when he ran, his poor starts, and the general condition that the team was in because the weather kept them inside. He is an Eskimo, his hometown being Point Barrow, Alaska.

Ernest Richmond of Illinois did 10.0 in the 100, but we do not know if he would do any good in the "Deaf Olympics." He has the ability if he would just put all his effort into it; however, he is through school now. Wayne Fox of North Carolina did 10.2, but he was a flop at the Eastern "Deaf Olympic" regionals.

Cheese should be given much consideration. He is a colored boy and should do even better next year. He won the Eastern "Deaf Olympic" regional meet in the 100 meter dash. His time was much slower, and his 100 meters 11.7 is equivalent to 10.8 in the 100-yard dash. Wood is a potential 10.7 or 10.8 in the 100 meter dash, and Cheese would be 10 yards behind him. Give Cheese a chance, and with top coaching he could do better. Cheese qualified for the state finals, but elected to go to Washington, D. C., for the Eastern "Deaf Olympic" regionals.

We received a letter from Dennis Wernimont some time ago. He said he is very much interested in going to Europe again. He is now working as an offset pressman in Omaha and lives with his brother Franklin in Council Bluffs. He is now in training and will continue throughout this winter and spring at Iowa School for the Deaf and also at the local YMCA to get ready for the Games. His ambition is to defend his record-breaking 400 meters at the forthcoming international classic. Too bad he had to leave Gallaudet College. Last year he did 22.5, 22.7, 22.9, 23.2 in the 220, and 50.3 (non-winning time), 51.0 (ties Gallaudet record), 51.2, 51.3, 51.3, 51.8, 52.3, 51.5, and 51.6 in the 440.

MacFadden is a natural leader, the

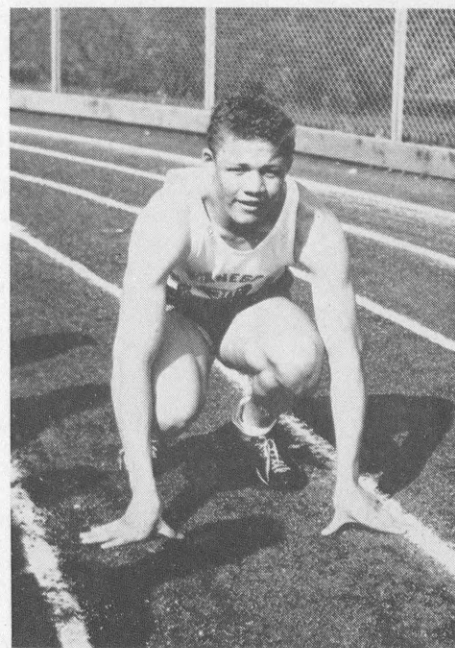
type that inspires others to do well. No wonder he has been selected captain of the Gallaudet football team this fall. He hit his peak with a sparkling 22.7 in the 200 meters at the Eastern "Deaf Olympic" regionals, tying Sheldon Freedman of Chelsea, Massachusetts, and John Smith of Boise, Idaho, for the world deaf record. MacFadden went to Gallaudet from Hollywood (Calif.) High School in the fall of 1958 and was promoted to the freshman class on the basis of his high rating in the competitive exams. His best clocking in the 220 in Hollywood was 22.6 (twice). During the 1959 season, due to injuries suffered in football, he got off to a poor start, and his best 100 time was 11 flat and in the 220 about 23.8 or 23.9. A lot of people were skeptical about him and thought he would never make the grade in college track, but Coach Tom Berg of Gallaudet track and field squad had faith in MacFadden because, first of all, he is a hard worker and does every thing well. So during the recent season, he made progress from meet to meet, and his biggest achievement came in the recent regional meet.

Speaking of John Smith, we had a fine letter from him informing us that he has decided not to participate in the forthcoming Games because he will have to stay at home and support his family. He appreciates very much our confidence in him, but he feels that he cannot afford to leave his job in August, 1961. He participated in the past two "Deaf Olympics," and that's enough for him.

Jack Salisbury of Gallaudet via Riverside is a fine 220 man and easily one of the best starters Coach Tom Berg has seen in his 12 years of coaching. For his height, he is a good high jumper. The fact that he will not return to college this fall makes him a doubtful candidate. He is to get married some time in the near future, and that will make his chances of getting the necessary amount of practice rather difficult. Anyway, we have fine 220 men in Wernimont, MacFadden, Miller, Reid, and Itta.

Paul Adams, a 6-2 Negro junior at Gallaudet College, is like MacFadden where work is concerned. He follows all instructions to the letter. He was the best 440 man at Gallaudet the past season, his best time being 50.9. He also won the Eastern "Deaf Olympic" regionals with a 51.0 effort in the 400 meters.

MacFadden did not blossom into a good 440 man until mid season. He



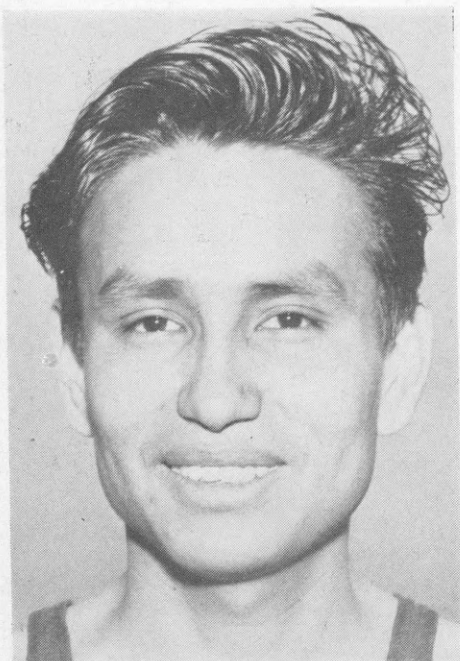
Minnesota's Dennis Miller, an outstanding Negro sprinter, is expected to run in the 100 and 200 meter events in Helsinki, Finland, next summer.

will have the added advantage of competing with the winter track team following the gridiron season, giving him the backlog he will need to improve his 440 clocking. He was second to Adams in the Eastern regionals.

We are in complete agreement with Tom Berg that if we can get Adams, MacFadden, Wernimont, and that Berkeley wonder boy Wood for our 4-400 (1600) meter relay, we can only predict a record shattering performance of about 3:19 or 3:20 minutes at the Finland Games. In this relay, Adams as second or third man should do 49.5 on his own leg, while MacFadden may do a good 50 flat, Wernimont as anchor man a 50, too. If Wood is a good starter and strong finisher, he should be our lead-off man.

Our top choices for the 800 meters are Kevin Kelley, David Wood of Gallaudet College, and George Ellinger of Wichita, Kansas, with Norman White Shirt of South Dakota and Robert Scripter as alternates.

George Ellinger entered the 880 open race in the AAU meet held at Kansas City, May 28. He was bumped on the turn but managed to run the distance in the fine time of 2:04.3. We have his official AAU time card to show he did run in that time. They believe George can bring his time down with a little more effort on his part. Supt. Stanley Roth said George will be most welcome



**Norman White Shirt, the Indian distance runner, from the South Dakota School, is another prep standout selected to represent the USA in the 1961 International Games.**

to return to KSD next spring to continue his training.

David Wood was a big disappointment as he did only 2:04.3 in his best effort in the 880 this year. Last year he did a 2:01.9 and several 2:02.2's. We expect him to do better next year as he has the potential of a 1:58 half-miler.

Scripter won the State Class D finals easily in the 880. He also won the Regional Class D in the same event. Unfortunately, he is a senior, but he'll enter Gallaudet this fall. If so, keep your eyes on him, Tom Berg.

#### **Distance Runners**

Norman White Shirt of South Dakota won his regional high school mile run easily in 4:52.0. In the state finals he tried to "burn up the track" the first two laps and dropped out of the lead on the fourth lap and placed sixth with 4:43.2 (winning time was 4:39.2). At both the Mitchell and Dakota relays Shirt was second by two strides to the eventual state champ who ran unbeaten all year. Shirt ran the mile less than five minutes all year, and his best time was 4:38.9. Coach Hank Bjorlie said Shirt is not only a fierce competitor, but he is the best "trainer" Hank has ever coached. Bjorlie had been working all year on Shirt's pacing himself. He urged Shirt to try to run laps of 65-70-70-65 which equals 4:30, but he

hasn't quite achieved that as yet. Being an Indian, Shirt spends the whole summer running all over the reservation, preparing for cross-country running in the fall. He chopped twelve seconds off his best time last year, and Bjorlie is sure Shirt can do the same thing next spring.

Brian Powers of Oregon has been a consistent winner in the mile for the last two years. He took third place in the state finals with a 4:42.1 effort (winning time was 4:38.6). He is seriously training on a year-around basis and is a very determined runner. With one more year of age and maturity under his belt, he will be difficult to handle in the mile run.

At the ideal age of 26, Gerald Buyas of Gallaudet College has shown that he is capable of undertaking varying amounts of work necessary for a miler and two miler of his stature. With an extensive program in cross country, he should be five to eight seconds better in the mile and should break 9:55 in the two mile next spring. He is one of the very few college men who understands that SLEEP is very precious, and his coach had no trouble of any kind with him where training is concerned. Gallaudet's new track nearing completion should afford him all the opportunity to keep in top shape all year. The track has an efficient drainage system which means Gallaudet men will be able to use it consistently, even in bad weather, with the exception of snow. Buyas is entering his junior year this fall. He hails from Oregon.

Kevin Kelley could not run in the mile event because of high school regulations. His best time in this event in a meet was 4:39.1. However, we would rather have Kelley run the 800 meters, as well as in the 5000 meters.

Clyde Bartee of Maryland won every meet in the mile except in the Eastern "Deaf Olympic" regionals in which he was second to Buyas by 70 yards. Bartee also is county champ in the mile and half mile. Unfortunately he was a senior and will not be back next year.

Much was said about Robin Shifflett of Huntington Park High School, California, in the July edition of *THE SILENT WORKER*, so we do not need to repeat.

The makeup for the USA team for distance runs will look like this:

800 meters — Kelley, Ellinger, and David Wood.

1500 meters—Shirt, Buyas, and Powers.

5000 meters—Buyas, Kelley, and Shifflett.

10,000 meters — Mr. John Doe, Mr. John Hancock, and Mr. Distance Runner.

Mr. John Doe, Mr. John Hancock, and Mr. Distance Runner could be those who are really good long distance runners. Know of them? If so, let us know.

If William Davidson of Gallaudet makes a great showing in cross country this fall and if he is in the right frame of mind to accept more punishing work after cross country season is over, we think we should let him have a chance on the 5000 and 10,000 meter group. Experience tells us that we need older runners in those two events. We really need Steve Kugel, but he has yet to commit himself. We have had difficulty ascertaining his whereabouts. He's a traveling printer.

#### **Best at Barriers**

This year we uncovered four outstanding hurdlers in John Nesvig of North Dakota, Gary Hendrix of Washington, Brown Jordan of Michigan, and Bill Williams of Gallaudet.

Nesvig became the first man under veteran track coach Dwight Rafferty's reign to cop two firsts in the State Class B meet at Valley City, May 28. Nesvig came through splendidly in his two specialties and had the added honor of receiving his medals from the pinnacle of the Olympic-type winners stand twice before an overflow crowd. Nesvig won both his hurdle preliminaries with little difficulty, though he was pressed in the lows until the last hurdle. In the finals he took the highs in 15.8 seconds and then turned in his best performances of the year to take the lows in 20.7. His chief rivals were unable to close more than two yards at the finish. This outstanding one-man performance by the junior sensation earned ten points which were good for sixth place for his school in the 39-team Class B field of the state's best.

Nesvig was also easily a standout at the district meet as he copped both hurdle events in 15.6 and 20.75. He also showed he is one of the top hurdlers in the state by taking second in the highs and first in the lows against a field of SIXTEEN Class A and B teams in the all-class Rotary Meet, May 14. Nesvig had the top preliminary times of 15.7 and 20.8 in the highs and lows respectively, but a few bad hurdles threw him off stride in the finals and he lost a close one in the highs. He won the lows handily. His defeat in the highs was his only loss all year.



He was undefeated in the lows this year.

Nesvig has also bettered the "Deaf Olympic" team requirements in both hurdle events several times and thus should be one of the best prospects for the trip to Finland. With another year yet to go, he may even better this year's records considerably next year. With encouragement Rafferty believes we'll see Nesvig doing under 15 flat next year.

Nesvig was also a double winner in both hurdle events of the ninth annual Minot State Teachers College invitational meet. Over 200 thinclads and 38 high schools participated in this meet.

Hendric, too, was very good this year considering the poor conditions the Washington boys ran under. He is always tops in the hurdles, having run the highs in 15.6, 15.9, 15.5, 15.3, 16.1, and 15.4. His 16.1 was due to having no one to push him, and this time was a first place in the Northwest "Deaf Olympic" regionals. Times for second and third place finishers were 18.5 and 19.6 respectively. Coach Harvey Haynes plans to run Hendrix in the 440 next year to build his stamina for the 400 meters hurdles and also to raise the hurdles to meet Olympic standards.

Washington has no Class A, B, C meets. All boys run in one meet. For example, WSD district had five boys under 15.5 in high hurdles, but only two could qualify for the state finals. Other districts had none under 15.5 except one which had two. There should be a need for requirement by classes as many fine boys are left home. Hendrix was one of them. Hendrix was third in the district meet with a 15.4 effort. Times for first and second placers were 15.1 and 15.2 respectively, and they were from Class A schools.

**We like the clockings the Hendrix boy made—CONSISTENT!**

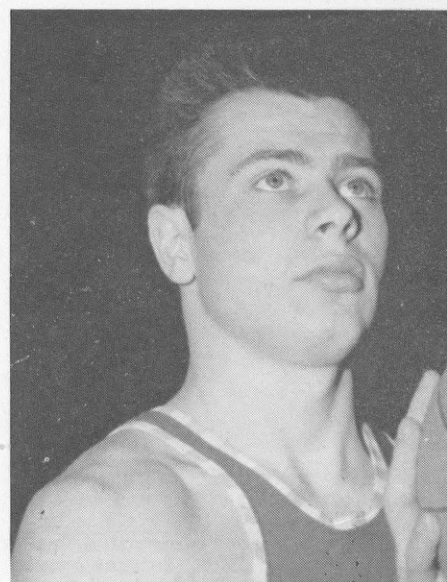
Williams' sparkling 15.7 in the 110 meter hurdles and 57.5 in the 400 meter hurdles in the Eastern "Deaf Olympic" regionals were the most pleasant surprise. He was determined to turn a new leaf and to make us forget his dismal showing last year. And he did make good. Bill runs the 440 in less than 54 seconds and can improve greatly so that his eventual clocking may well be around 52 seconds, which makes him a potential 55-second 400 meter hurdler. What he needs is more endurance work, and Tom Berg believes he will have a good chance to get it this fall. Since he has never realized his potential, there is no knowing how better a hurdler he may be

next year. Williams was one of the nation's top high hurdlers while a prep at the North Carolina School for the Deaf.

Jordan is a keen competitor. When the chips are down, he will produce as he did in the State Class D finals. In the lows it was 20.1 first, 20.2 second, and 20.3 third. There was pressure on him all the way. On the sixth hurdle he was behind, on the seventh even, and on the eighth he was ahead by a foot. Jordan also was the only double winner of the Class D regional meet, smashing records in the 120-yard high and 180-yard low hurdles to pace the Michigan School for the Deaf to an overwhelming victory. Coach Earl Roberts said Jordan is already much better than Ray Piper (now a student at Gallaudet who was placed third at the Milan 1957 Games). With another year to go he will get under 20 in the lows and about 15.3 in the highs. Roberts would like to get Jordan into 14 plus in the highs, but a lot of work still has to be done on his starting technique. It is good as it is now, but when you want the extra second, you have to have it down perfect. Jordan is a 6-2 Negro.

Father Time has caught up with Ted McBride, and he is ruled out. He's considering practicing the pole vault, but we doubt he'll be able to make it. The spirit is there, but the flesh is weak.

You may ask—what became of Ray Parks, holder of Gallaudet records in both 120 yard and 220 yard hurdles? This gentleman from Virginia—footballer, wrestler, actor, diver, hurdler, and student extraordinary. He is one man who should not be left off the USA team. This man had a very good year in wrestling, and it was during his FINAL match of the FINAL meet of the season that he suffered a blow to the head, which resulted in loss of equilibrium and in constant ringing noises in the affected ear all spring. One week before the Eastern "Deaf Olympic" regionals he finally recovered sufficiently to return to the cinder path. But gone was the superb condition he had built during football and wrestling competition. This explains why he did not beat Williams in the 110 meter hurdles. He graduated last June, but he is going to live at Gallaudet this coming fall as a graduate student and will practice on that new track between 3:30 and 5:30 p.m.; however, we were told most recently that Parks has accepted a position at the Virginia School for the Deaf with the



**Tom Ripic, the nation's most improved trackster from St. Mary's. He uncoiled a discus throw of 151 feet 1 3/4 inches for a new national school for the deaf record, breaking the old mark of 145 feet set by Mighty Joe Russell of Mississippi in 1957. He, by the way, became the first deaf prepster to break the 150 foot barrier. He is a junior.**

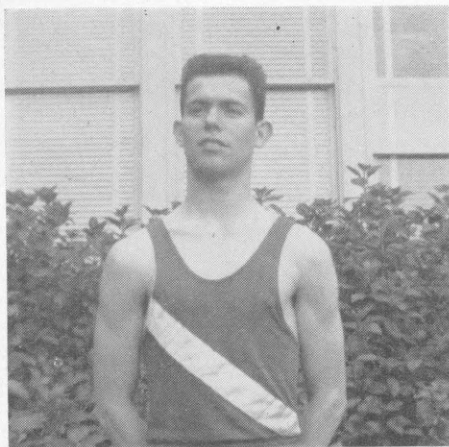
expectation of succeeding T. Carlton Lewellyn when he retires soon. We can foresee that track will be introduced at the Virginia School when Parks takes over. Well, since we do not know how good Parks will be next year, but since he is a fine diver, we would be pleased to save one seat on the plane for this deserving athlete. **Remember no athlete can compete in two different sports at the Games.** If Parks does not exceed his 1958 peak in the hurdle events, it is up to him to decide as to which sport he wishes to compete—diving or hurdling; however, if Parks is to coach at the school this year, he is ruled out as no coach is allowed to participate in the Games as a competitor.

#### **Weight Events**

Our top choices for the 16-pound shotput are Sammy Oates of Hardin-Simmons University, Joe Russell of Sardis, Mississippi, and Bill Zachariasen of Gallaudet. For the discus our best bets are Tom Ripic, Joe Russell, and Bob Corbett of Gallaudet with Joe Schmitz also of Gallaudet as alternate.

Here's a copy of a letter from J. V. Hilliard of the athletic department of Hardin-Simmons University which we received and may be of interest to you:

*"Thanks for your most interesting letter concerning Sammy Oates and*



**Gary Hendrix, of Washington State School for the Deaf, is tops in the 120 high hurdles at 15.3. He has another year of prep competition remaining before the International Games in Finland.**

the "Deaf Olympics." If Sammy is chosen to represent the USA, you can depend on our staff to make a very concerted effort in helping him improve in the events for which he may be selected.

"Sammy is working with the shot on our varsity and should have no trouble reaching the 45 feet standard set up in the shot. Last year he reached 46 feet in practice. However, in our meet this spring he got only 45 plus and 46 plus twice largely due to the fact that he fouls badly. Sammy should actually be a 50 shot putter.

"He did not work with the javelin this spring, but as a freshman he did 165 or 175 fairly regularly so I feel he will have little trouble with this event, so far as 175 feet is concerned. As for the discus, we never have worked him any because he says it hurts his arm, but I feel sure 125 feet would be no problem for him.

"I feel safe in saying that with extra attention in all three of these events you could depend on 46-plus in the shot, 175-plus in the javelin and 130-plus in the discus. If you will let me know exactly what you want Sammy to do in the way of training, the minute football season is over in 1960 our staff will go to work to have him ready. This would be a real fine break for Sammy and our college. In fact I'm not sure but what I would like to attend such a meet myself.

"Just depend on us to help in any way possible. If there are other such boys in this area who want to work with Sammy, please invite them to do so. Thanks."

We also have heard from Joe Russell.

He's mightier than he was as the Mighty Joe during his school days. He's working steadily as a lumberman. He's quite confident he can toss the 16-pound iron ball over 55 feet. He asked the IGD Committee to get him a 16-pound shot put ball and college discus so that he can practice throughout the year. He lives not very far from the University of Mississippi, and he's going to ask the track coach there to help him improve his way of tossing the shot put and the discus.

Joe Russell, Ted McBride, John Smith, Dennis Wernimont, and George Ellinger are the only non-school athletes who are very cooperative, and they have always replied to our letters to them. Others haven't so they are ruled out. Our rule is: "Don't bother with people who have no interest or heart!"

John Miller of Washington, D. C., and of the DCCD basketball team, has been practicing with the javelin, and Tom Berg has been helping him out. Miller has an excellent arm and can throw the football more than 200 feet, and being able to throw that far is a good indication of a fine prospect in the javelin. He has also marvelous coordination, and it makes it all the easier for him to learn this event.

And there is a lad from the Riverside School for the Deaf who has thrown the javelin approximately 175 feet. He's Dick Ramborger. We are going to investigate as to whether or not Dick is qualified.

Bill Zachariasen of Gallaudet College is our third choice for the shot put event. A 245-pounder, Bill is a different boy now, and he was able to show much improvement this year. He is very determined to do 46-47 feet next year, and we believe he will do it. Last summer he worked at a resort camp in New York and did a lot of weight training in addition to running up hill to develop speed and strength. He may not compete with the Gallaudet varsity squad in 1961 so as to save his eligibility for the 1962 season, his senior year. But he will get to enter several AAU meets, and these should keep him in condition for the 1961 Games. In case you don't know, Mason-Dixon collegiate conference rules state that no athlete is permitted to compete more than four years, and Bill has already had three years. He hails from Illinois.

As already mentioned, George Lowe of Berkeley is the best bet for the high jump. Stanley Eure of Maryland is a good high jumper but needs more work on his form. He took champion-

ship honors for the county this year. He should get up to six feet by next year.

And we were informed that Gallaudet is getting a 6-5 basketball player from a high school in Ohio who is a cinch to make the freshman class on the basis of his placement exam this fall. This boy did six feet in the high jump upon two occasions last spring, and he will have his coach write us to confirm his official jumps. If he is that good, he is our third high jumper, and we will announce his name.

Deotis Goodwin will be one of our most outstanding candidates for the Finland Games. He has improved steadily and has his heart set on making the USA team. A Negro, he has broad jumped over 20 feet consistently all season. He will be back next year.

Keep your eyes on Mannie Valencia of Arizona next year. He may surprise us. He's only sixteen years old and a sophomore. He earned 121 5-6 points in all track meets. His specialty is the low hurdles. This year he lowered his time in five straight meets. Once he made 21-plus in the broad jump but was disqualified. He reminds us of Peter Hernandez. Mannie just lives to participate in all sports and is a natural athlete.

Since we have several fine hurdlers, we are going to ask Valencia to concentrate on the broad jump as we need two more men to complete our USA team.

Maurice Mosley of Los Angeles may be our best bet for the hop-step-jump as he has fine coordination and great springy legs. He has no particular natural ability in this event, but through sheer hard work he may become mechanically perfect in this event. Also we are going to use Mosley in the broad jump. We are absolutely certain that he is of the 21-foot-plus calibre after seeing him make those impossible jumps in basketball. And we are going to get Goodwin to try his luck in the hop-step-jump. If Goodwin can do more than 38 feet with a minimum of practice before reporting to us next year, then we are of the opinion he can do more with coaching. It will be nice to have Goodwin and Mosley, both Negroes, because they are inspirations to their race. That would make six Negroes on the USA team.

**If there is an American weakness in any "Deaf Olympic" event, it has to be in the pole vault.**

A. J. Marshall is the outstanding





Muscleman Robert Corbett, the most determined man from Gallaudet via Arizona, gets ready to whirl the discus for a new college record of 134 feet.

prospect for the pole vault. He is a sophomore and small. He should develop as he has more enthusiasm than anyone on the Indiana football team on which he plays halfback.

Ronnie Gross of Arizona does want to go to Finland. He's a sophomore, too.

James Berry of Louisiana is a junior and should be given a chance.

And we would certainly want to have David Bailey try his luck. With Gallaudet's vaulting pit almost ready to use and the fact that Bailey will not be playing football, we think he can start vaulting practice this fall and work on his weaknesses. He should have no trouble making 11 feet with 11-3 a possibility and 11-6 a remote probability. To become a successful vaulter, one must have his own vaulting pit which has not been Bailey's lot the past four years. Every time Gallaudet athletes went to Catholic University for practice there were more than two other schools practicing there at the same time, and you know how it is with say five or six other men waiting their turn at the pit. So, Bailey and other vaulters never did get a chance to put in more than thirty minutes of practice each time.

We should make sure our vaulters really clear 11 feet before selecting them for the USA squad, otherwise we might as well forget about taking a single man. We do, however, feel all four will improve if they know in advance that we are interested in them.

G. L. Tatum of Mississippi is tops this year, but he will not be back as he graduated last June.

Performances this year by Gallaudet and prep youngsters will convince us that our USA "Deaf Olympic" team is

shaping as the mightiest ever, and we believe we will make perhaps a stronger showing in the distances than in the Milan Games.

Readers, do you ever have the tingling feeling in your spine . . . the very thought of seeing our boys come through gloriously? Well, that is exactly how we feel right now. Our outfit will be much better than the 1957 delegation—in all departments, except the 10,000 meter run. We surely hope we can at least outpoint the Hammer & Sickle crowd in both men's and women's track and field. Yes, we know it is contrary to the ideals of the Games to pit nation against nation, but the trend is quite obviously in that direction—more so for our hearing counterparts this summer.

We'll be busy from here on as we must find the money for each athlete.

In the November number of THE SILENT WORKER we will announce as to who should be on the USA women's track and field team.

They have been telling us—"GET GRACE CANADY OF NORTH CAROLINA!" She is a **sure thing!** Although, her times in the dashes at the Eastern "Deaf Olympic" regionals were not re-

## OUR COVER PICTURE

Ron Wood, of the California School for the Deaf at Berkeley, is the SW's **TRACKMAN OF THE YEAR**. The sensational 16-year-old speedster set two new Bay Counties league records, 9.8 in the 100-yd. dash and 15.3 in the 440. He was undefeated in these events the past spring and is being counted on for the sprint events in the 1969 International Games.

markable, you must remember that she had only a week of practice on the dashes before the meet, with no competition. She is a **natural**—and with **coaching** she'll be a world beater.

Fortunately Supt. Ben Hoffmeyer of the North Carolina School for the Deaf was impressed enough by Canady's showing at the regionals to offer her a job at NCSD this fall as a counselor so that she can continue to train for the Finland Games. At this regional meet Grace won four first places—100 meters, 200 meters, broad jump, and high jump.

P.S.: We are pleased to note that Ohio, American, and Wisconsin have finally organized track and field teams. They, no doubt, will have representation in our future Games.

## U. S. A. DEAF OLYMPICS TRACK AND FIELD TEAM



Here are members of the USA "Deaf Olympic" men's track and field squad selected after thorough study.

**100 METERS and 200 METERS:** Ron Wood (Berkeley), Dennis Wernimont (Council Bluffs Silent Club), James MacFadden (Gallaudet), Dennis Miller (Minnesota), Leo Reid (Oregon), Dick Itta (Washington), Walt Sumoski (Washington), and James Cheese (West Virginia).

**400 METERS:** Dennis Wernimont, James MacFadden, Ron Wood, and Paul Adams (Gallaudet).

**800 METERS:** Kevin Kelley (St. Mary's), George Ellinger (Wichita Athletic Club of the Deaf), and David Wood (Gallaudet).

**1500 METERS:** Norman White Shirt (South Dakota), Gerald Buyas (Gallaudet), and Brian Powers (Oregon).

**500 METERS:** Gerald Buyas, Kevin Kelley, and Robin Shifflett (Huntington Park High School, California).

**10,000 METERS:** To be selected.

**110 METERS and 400 METERS HURDLES:** Gary Hendrix (Washington), John Nesvig (North Dakota), Brown Jordan (Michigan), and William Williams (Gallaudet).

**HIGH JUMP:** George Lowe (Berkeley), Stanley Eure (Maryland), and one more to be selected.

**BROAD JUMP:** Deotis Goodwin (Indiana), Mannie Valencia (Arizona), and one more to be selected.

**SHOT PUT:** Joe Russell (Jackson Silent Club), Sammy Oates (Hardin-Simmons University), and Bill Zachariasen (Gallaudet).

**DISCUS:** Tom Ripic (St. Mary's), Joe Russell, and Bob Corbett (Gallaudet).

**POLE VAULT:** A. J. Marshall (Indiana), Ronnie Gross (Arizona), James Berry (Louisiana), and David Bailey (Gallaudet). Three of them will make the trip providing they clear 11 feet or more next year.

**HOP-STEP-JUMP:** Maurice Mosley (Valley Silent Club) and two more to be selected.

**JAVELIN:** Sammy Oates, Paul Adams, John Miller (DCCD), and Dick Ramborger (Riverside). Only three of them will be selected after they have thrown the javelin at 175 feet or more consistently.

## Letter to the Editor

Continued from Page 2)

problems are always shoved aside by the responsible leaders. The main and basic trouble lies in the leadership which lacks the proper attitude of understanding and patience. The missing link between the mass and leadership has been rather a caustic gulf of aloofness for quite a long time. What we need so badly is a dynamic leadership with proper understanding of human nature and frequent contacts with the groups.

The success operation is the formula form the wrong opinion of associations and other organizations which may which can strengthen the close ties of association and stimulate interest. The right information and action can be governed by the vigorous leadership with an excellent team of capable workers. Tact and patience are the primary requisites in helping overcome the trialsome handicaps without offending the susceptibilities of all parties. Such personalities and jealousies should be barred at all costs. The organization can get along without those malcontents and diehards. Then it can prevail over a small fraction of opposition. The lessons gave me much insight and better understanding of human nature while I have been successful in organizing several chapters. SERVICE AND SALESMANSHIP are what we should utilize to the utmost so everyone would be interested in joining some group. They can be made to understand that their problems are felt out with sincerity and frankness. The majority of members are not well-educated in a real sense but have a sharp discernment of how others talk and act toward them. They do not fall easily to a bait of sweet and honeyed words. They are practical and wise. On the other hand, they respect the leaders who show the right way and consideration.

I believe that I set an example and follow the rules which I learned in childhood. Fair play and a sense of justice should prevail without hesitation. We still learn a lot of lessons in our daily life and frequent contacts with all kinds of people. It is my earnest hope that others will follow the same path and help our fellows with a sincere desire and unabated enthusiasm.

Sincerely yours,

Alex C. Brogan, State Organizer,  
California Association of the Deaf  
5675 W. Washington Boulevard  
Los Angeles 16, California

# CHECKMATE!

By "Loco" Ladner



North team on the left: Lenodro Maldonado, Loco Ladner, Dr. Byron B. Burnes, Henry E. Bruns, and Hal Ramger. South team: Lyman Emmer, Bob Skinner, George Massar, Elliott Fromberg, Harry Dunai, and Einer Rosenkjar. This picture was taken on the terrace of the Ladner home in Berkeley. Most of these players competed in the chess tournament sponsored by the California Association of the Deaf during its convention in San Diego, September 1-4.

## SOUTH WINS AT LAST!

At long last the Chess Confederates of the South (California) won a match over the Northern Yanks and returned home happy. The score was 4-2 but could have been closer except for a forfeit on the part of the North when one of its players was unable to come on account of illness. But no alibis, please.

### Lineup

South	North
0 Rosenkjar	1 Maldonado
0 Dunai	1 Ladner
1 Fromberg	0 Burnes
1 Skinner	0 Ramger
1 Massar	0 Bruns
1 Emmer	0 Forfeit
4	2

The games played by No. 1 players and No. 2 are given as follows:

White: Rosenkjar	Black: Maldonado
1. P-Q4 N-KB3	11. N-Q2 P-B4
2. P-QB4 P-K3	12. B-K2 Q-N4
3. N-QB3 B-K2	13. O-O N-B3

4. N-KB3 P-Q4	14. Q-N3 N-Q4
5. B-N5 P-B3	15. N-B4 R-B3
6. P-QR3 O-O	16. N-K5 P-B5
7. P-K3 QN-Q2	17. P-B3 NxP
8. P-B5 N-K5	18. R-B2 R-R3
9. BxB QxB	19. PxP Q-R5
10. NxN PxN	20. N-B3 Q-R4
21. P-R3 Q-N3	31. RxP K-R2
22. N-K5 Q-N6	32. P-QR4 R-Q2
23. B-N4 NxN	33. R-R8 B-B2
24. QxQ PxQ	34. P-R5 R-N4
25. R-B3 NxN	35. R-R6 RxP
26. PxN R-N3	36. RxP RxP
27. R-Q1 P-KR4	37. R-Q6 R-Q5
28. R(1)-KB B-K2	38. RxB ? R(2)xR
29. R-B7 B-K1	39. PxR R-Q8
30. RxQNP R-Q1	Checkmate

White: Ladner	Black: Dunai
1. P-Q4 P-Q4	13. PxN PxP
2. P-QB4 P-QB3	14. B-K3 Q-Q3
3. N-KB3 PxP	15. O-O R-N1
4. P-K3 P-QN4	16. Q-Q2 P-Q5
5. P-QR4 B-N2	17. QxP Q-B2
6. N-B3 P-QR3	18. N-Q5 BxN
7. PxP BPxP	19. QxB N-B3
8. P-Q5 N-KB3	20. KR-Q1 R-Q1
9. P-K4 P-K3	21. Q-K4 ch B-K2
10. B-N5 PxP ?	22. RxR ch QxR ?
11. P-K5 Q-K2	23. QxN ch
12. B-K2 P-R3	Resigns

## Tournament Results

Chauvenet has taken the lead with 6-0 including wins over Bruner (2),



Yule (2), Bostwick and Ladner; Leitson is second with two wins over Bruner for 2-0; Gemar likewise has 2-0 with twin victories over Yule; Ladner has 2-1, with wins over Bruner

and Yule. Looks like Chauvenet vs. Leitson will settle the issue.

### Chess Problem

The solution to the Chess Problem in the June issue: R-KN 8

### Answers to True or False

(See page 16)

1. False. Only the president is ex-officio a member, as specified in the by-laws.

2. True. Only standing rules, such as regulations that deal with local business procedures may be altered from time to time to suit the particular needs of chapters or divisions.

3. True. But if the members of a club or organization are frequently disorderly, it is nearly always due to the ignorance or incompetence of the presiding officer, and one who calls attention to rules of procedure is a god-send.

4. True. The president (Chair) is not on trial—only an official ruling is being disputed in which case the president continues as presiding officer of the meeting.

5. False. Remember, this motion is **not** in order when a vote is being taken, when a member has the floor, or when the time for adjournment has been fixed.

6. True. But he is **not** compelled to attend the committee meetings as his presence does not help constitute a quorum. If present, he has the same privilege as members of the committees, in making motions, debating, and voting, unless his rights and powers as a member ex-officio are otherwise clearly defined in the by-laws.

7. True. Unless authorized by vote of the assembly, a committee does **not** have the right to enter into contracts with any person(s) or to act on any matter involving an expenditure of money.

8. True. And if **no one** protests, the report becomes legal.

9. True. It is a two-thirds vote. A majority vote means more than half the votes cast.

10. True. However, the newly-elected vice president should be given an opportunity to pay delinquent dues within a specified period of time. If he fails to avail himself of the opportunity, the board may then declare his office vacant and proceed to appoint a successor.

## Captioned Films for the Deaf

# Film Fare

Want to see a deaf man regain his hearing? It's pictured for your amazement (or amusement) in a recent Hollywood version of Sinclair Lewis' book, *Elmer Gantry*. In the book the incident is a very minor one which is clearly identified as a fraud when the lady evangelist rubs some shotgun oil on a deaf woman's ears and announces a cure. But in Hollywood's rendition, the scene is played up into major proportions with no indication that the whole thing is a fraud.

The Gantry book and the Gantry film have both come in for some sharp criticism. Regardless of the total value or lack of value in the film, it seems safe to say that the scene referred to above does the cause of the deaf no good and may be considered as harmful. Again and again it has been repeated that the great need of the deaf is public understanding. United Artists' film does not contribute to better understanding of the deaf. In any event it is a rough show, full of rough talk and rougher behavior, of interest to the deaf only in a negative way.

Another film seen on last summer's Chevy's TV offering, has to do with a crooked superintendent of a school for the deaf. The general impression was one to scare parents of deaf children out of ever sending them to a school for the deaf. Films of this kind do a genuine disservice to the deaf and to the public.

In sharp contrast to this sort of thing is a new film recently produced under government sponsorship and titled "Beyond Silence." It is a beautiful black and white production that does a reasonably good job of showing student life at Gallaudet College. Credit for this film goes to ICA (International Cooperation Administration). The film will be shown all over the world as an example of American culture. Caroline Bateman, a 1960 graduate of Gallaudet, plays the leading part. She has starred in numerous

dramatic productions on the campus and does an excellent job in the movie. Possibilities of a captioned version for circulation to the deaf are being explored.

\* \* \*

Film critic Bosley Crowther of the *New York Times* recently stirred up a small storm by recommending that all foreign films be dubbed instead of captioned. Dubbing is putting on a sound track in English in place of the foreign language sound. This eliminates the need for captions.

One of those who fetched the critic a sharp crack on the editorial knuckles was Carl Van Vechten. His letter as it appeared in the *Times* follows:

To the Film Editor:

In your eagerness to have pictures dubbed, (a vile practice on any grounds), you entirely forget the deaf of whom I am one, who cannot understand English or American pictures either (Can you understand Marlon Brando?) and find their pleasure in watching foreign films and reading the text.

You discount also the number of foreigners in New York. Next to Rome, New York is the largest Italian city. There are plenty of French here, too, and many others who are familiar with the language. German films can be followed by Germans or Jews who know Yiddish. These are largely the people foreign pictures depend on if you include the deaf. Dubbing pictures will take away their audience, not add to it.

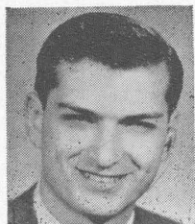
Carl Van Vechten  
New York City

As captioned films increase in number, the English and American films which Mr. Van Vechten refers to will no longer be the void of the American deaf that they have in the past. One of the odd things of the world of the deaf has been that the deaf of foreign countries could enjoy American movies with French, German, and Spanish titles added for the general public over there. But the American deaf were cut off from the films produced in their home land. This is a situation which now promises to change.

### DEAF LADY

Wants a job as a companion to a deaf lady in a Christian home

Miss Willie T. Fant  
Townville, South Carolina



# The Legal Column

By Lowell J. Myers

Attorney at Law

(Ed. Note: THE SILENT WORKER presents this article on peddling for what interest it may be to readers as the opinion of the author. THE SILENT WORKER does not condone peddling, and evidently the author does not. He has presented the legal aspect of peddling, but there are ethical aspects which should be considered. We believe he underestimates the amount that can be collected by a "diligent person." There have been certain peddlers who could take in as much as \$75.00 in a single day. They did not collect this much through ethical salesmanship, but through preying upon the public sympathy.

It is true that there is no law against plain salesmanship, of selling an article for a stated price. Still, when a peddler prices a strip of adhesive bandage at 25 cents, or some trinket at a figure several times its actual price, he does not make the sale because the purchaser desires the article at the stated price, but because the purchaser's sympathy has been aroused. Deaf peddlers have been known to offer articles for sale when no price was stated. The purchaser was asked to give whatever amount he wished to give. This kind of salesmanship is begging.

## Deaf Peddlers

The city of Chicago is the major cross-roads of the nation. Anyone who travels around the country a lot will sooner or later come to Chicago. This is particularly true of the deaf peddlers. Almost all of them come to Chicago at one time or another.

For the benefit of anyone who was born last week and therefore does not know what a deaf peddler is, I will explain that a deaf peddler is a deaf person who travels around the country selling small items such as pencils, alphabet cards, band-aids, or similar items. The peddlers will probably have little cards made up, saying something like this:

"I am a poor deaf-mute man who cannot work. I have a sick wife and

four small children, and my mother has cancer, (etc., etc., etc.). Please buy one of my band-aids for 25c. GOD BLESS YOU."

The peddler goes around to restaurants, bars, bowling alleys, subway stations, and other public places, and he passes cards around and tries to sell his merchandise. A typical peddler may approach about 100 persons per hour. He works perhaps eight hours a day. This means that he contacts about 800 persons every day. A certain percentage of the people to whom he shows his cards will buy from him. I would estimate that a sale is made, on the average, about 10% of the time. This means that the peddler takes in 25c for each 10 persons that he contacts.

You can see from this that peddling is hard work; however, a diligent person will take in about \$20 per day. If he works six days per week, he may take in \$120 per week. This is good pay.

But the deaf-mute peddler has many expenses. After he has covered a certain neighborhood, he soon finds that he has exhausted the "market" there. (He cannot keep asking the same people over again.) So, he has to move on to a fresh neighborhood. For this reason, the peddlers are constantly traveling from one part of a city to another part, and from one city to another city. They have heavy travel expenses. They constantly live in hotels and eat in restaurants. This is an expensive way to live, and very few of them are able to save anything. Most of them simply try to make ends meet, from one week to the next.

At one time or another I have probably met most of the deaf peddlers in this country. I have done legal work for many of them. They are all kinds, of course. There are young girls, just out of school; married couples with children; old women who have been doing this kind of work for 20 years and do not know how to do anything else; all kinds.

Many leaders of the deaf are very concerned and disturbed about this

situation. They point out that the deaf peddlers, as a group, are constantly traveling around and meeting the public. The average hearing person who meets a deaf peddler assumes that the peddler is typical of all the deaf. The hearing person probably assumes that all the deaf cannot work and that they are little better than beggars. The leaders of the deaf complain that the deaf peddlers are constantly tearing down the reputation of all the deaf.

This complaint is probably perfectly correct. If we assume that altogether there are 100 deaf peddlers actively working, and that they each approach 600 customers per week (a very conservative estimate), then the deaf peddlers as a group are undoubtedly contacting over 2,500,000 hearing persons each year. When this is kept up year after year, it undoubtedly has a great effect upon the general impression that hearing people have of the deaf. In fact, I personally believe that the deaf peddlers have **more** effect upon the general reputation of all the deaf than everything else in the world put together.

The many accomplishments of the deaf and their many wonderful schools and organizations mean very little to a typical hearing person who has been approached by a peddler. All that the hearing person remembers is that card saying:

"I am a poor deaf-mute man, who cannot work . . ."

Many deaf leaders have asked me whether such peddling is a legal activity and whether anything can be done to stop it. (Many deaf peddlers have asked me the same question.) The answer is that it is a perfectly legal activity. Legally speaking, the deaf peddlers are salesmen. They cannot be classified as beggars because they are offering merchandise for sale. Even if a customer gives them money and refuses to take any merchandise (many of them do), they still are not beggars. As long as the peddler offers the merchandise to the customer, he is legally protected.

Selling is perfectly legal activity, whether it is done by the deaf or by anyone else. You cannot stop a salesman from giving his customer a hard-luck story. There is such a thing as freedom of speech. A law that attempted to stop deaf peddlers from doing this kind of selling work would probably be unconstitutional.



Of course, in some cities there are local laws requiring such peddlers to obtain a license. The peddlers seldom bother to get these licenses. In many states there are sales taxes on such sales. The peddlers seldom pay these taxes.

The peddlers, in some case, may be breaking these particular local laws. But actually, the city and state authorities are not much interested in enforcing these local laws against people who are "here today and gone tomorrow." It would cost them more time and trouble to enforce these laws than the matter would be worth to them.

Even if these laws were strictly enforced, it would not stop the peddlers at all. They would simply proceed to get the necessary licenses and pay the necessary taxes.

The conclusion is that there is no way that deaf peddlers can be stopped from carrying on their activities. Their activities are generally within the law, and the peddlers have a perfectly good legal right to carry them on.

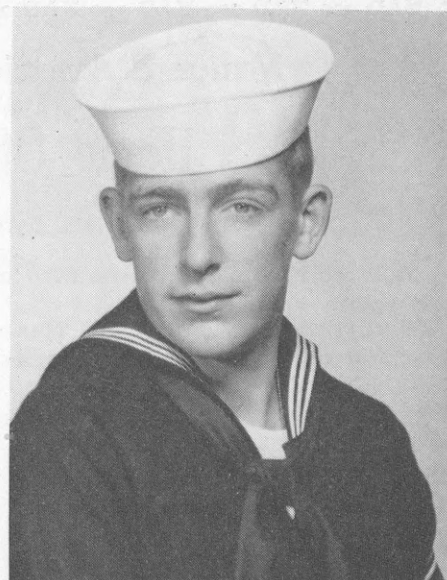
This type of peddling activity existed a hundred years ago, and in all prob-

ability it will still exist a hundred years from now. It does not do much good to get upset about it. Like many other undesirable human activities, it is here to stay; and we had might as well get used to it.

Although I say that there is nothing much that can be done about this problem and that, therefore, we had better get used to it, I myself sometimes find it very hard to do that. Just a few days ago, I happened to meet a deaf girl who has worked as a peddler for the past few years. She was a very beautiful girl. It was the first time that I met her, and we had quite a long talk together. In talking to her, I found her to be very sweet and innocent. She was not happy with her work and was ashamed of it but did not know how to do anything else.

I would have been happy to help her in any possible way, but I could find no solution to her special personal problems. She went back to peddling, and in all probability she will still be peddling 20 years from now.

I felt rather sad about the whole thing.



John Fail, Jr., 21-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Fail of Long Beach, California, serves as quartermaster aboard the Cutter "Taney," largest of the Coast Guard fleet presently afloat. The "Taney" left San Francisco August 4 for Ocean Station "November," the weather patrol station maintained by the Coast Guard half way between Honolulu and the Mainland, and will remain at the lonely ocean outpost until relieved by the Cutter Pontchartrain in late September. Johnny served three years aboard the Cutter "Ewing" and at the San Francisco Presidio Lifeboat Station before being assigned to the "Taney." The son of a fisherman, he acquired his sea-legs almost before he learned to walk and has spent most of his life at sea. His father, John, is one of the owners of the commercial boat "City of Long Beach," and Johnny, prior to joining the Coast Guard in 1957, spent his weekends and school vacations working aboard sportfishing boats out of Long Beach's Pierpoint Landing. With four years of duty behind him, Johnny expects to leave the service early in 1961 and plans to accept a position offered him by the California Department of the U. S. Fish and Game Commission. Adept at the sign language (his mother is the SW News Editor), Johnny has taught the language of the deaf to his fellow Coastguardsmen who find it an excellent means of communication, particularly at sea.



## Stalling Along...

By Stahl Butler

Executive Director, Michigan Association for Better Hearing

Three large clippings from Detroit newspapers came to my desk at the same time. Two concerned the annual meeting of Lutheran ministers held at the Lutheran School for the Deaf. The third, the largest, described a Catholic camp for deaf children.

One feature of the Lutheran meeting was the unveiling of a contemporary oil painting of the healing of the deaf man recorded in the seventh chapter of St. Mark. The name of the painting is Ephphatha, which means "Be Opened." This picture will hang in the Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod, St. Louis.

A headline asks the question, "Did Jesus Use Sign Language?" The Reverend H. W. Hoeman, Washington, D. C., is quoted as saying, "When Jesus dealt with the man, he spoke in a way he could understand. He put his fingers in his ears and looked up to Heaven."

Forty Lutheran pastors to the deaf

attended the meeting. The Missouri Synod puts \$400,000 a year into this work for the deaf. By 1962, it is expected that this service will be extended to foreign deaf.

The Catholic camp described is at Boysville, near Macon, and is under the direction of Sister Ursula, who reports that she began her work with the deaf in Baltimore in 1906.

\* \* \*

At the recent meeting at Gallaudet College on research, New York people reported on the success of deaf children in schools for the hearing. Of a group of eighteen especially selected, about half did well. These were youngsters with good intelligence, good language, good speech, good lipreading, good work habits, and out-going personalities. The point was made that for successful public school integration, the deaf children chosen must be adequate in every way.

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By Dr. Byron B. Burnes



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—Visitors Welcome—

**LONG BEACH CLUB OF THE DEAF**  
Morgan Hall  
735 Locust Avenue  
Long Beach, California  
Mrs. Geraldine Fail, Secretary  
851 West 19th Street  
Long Beach 6, California

**LOS ANGELES DIV. NO. 27, N.F.S.D.**  
Meets First Saturday of Month  
3218½ So. Main Street  
Ray F. Stallo, Secretary  
22816 Miriam Way — Colton, California  
Visiting Brothers Always Welcome

**LOUISVILLE ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF**  
418 W. Jefferson St.  
Louisville 2, Ky.  
Open Friday, Saturday and Sunday  
except June-July-August  
Mrs. Myra C. Warren

**MOTOR CITY ASS'N. OF THE DEAF, INC.**  
Affiliated with AAAA-CAAD  
7635 Michigan Avenue — Detroit 10, Mich.  
Door open at 7:30 p.m., close at 2:30 p.m.  
or before. Every Friday, Saturday and Sunday  
evenings. Ladies Night every 2nd Wednesday.  
Regular meeting: 4th Sunday of each month  
except June-July-August.  
Softball, basketball, bowling sponsored. Socials  
—movies—parlor games. Out-of-town visitors wel-  
come. Kenneth Mantz, Secretary.

**OLATHE CLUB FOR THE DEAF**  
Frye Building, Box 302, Second Floor  
100 North Chestnut St., Olathe, Kansas  
Open every evening  
Mrs. Virginia Stack, Secretary  
108 North Cherry  
Olathe, Kansas

**PHOENIX (YMCA) ASSOCIATION  
OF THE DEAF**  
350 N First Ave., Phoenix, Arizona  
2nd and 4th Saturday of each month  
Ina Webber Secretary  
402 West Sheridan  
Scottsdale, Arizona

**ROCKFORD SILENT CLUB, INC.**  
211½ East State Street, Rockford, Ill.  
Open Fri. evenings and Sat., Sun.  
—Welcome to our Friendly Club—  
Mrs. Betty Musgrove, President  
Betty Braun, Secretary

**ROSE CITY CLUB OF THE DEAF**  
4224 N. Williams  
Portland 11, Oregon  
Fri. 7-10 P.M. — Sun. 7 P.M. to 2:30 A.M.  
Visitors are always welcome.  
Anna T. Rose, Secretary

**SACRAMENTO CLUB FOR THE DEAF, INC.**  
Turn Verin Hall — 34th and J Streets  
Sacramento, California  
Third Saturday evening each month  
Mrs. Dorothy Dager  
5320 Carmen Way,  
Sacramento 22, California

**SAN FRANCISCO CLUB FOR THE DEAF, Inc.**  
530 Valencia Street  
San Francisco, California  
Open Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun.  
Visitors Welcome

**SAN JOSE SILENT CLUB, Inc.**  
191 W. Santa Clara Street  
San Jose, California  
Open Week-ends — Visitors Welcome  
Christine Stowell, Secretary

**SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB OF DENVER**  
For information write:  
Mrs. Harriett B. Votaw Secretary  
2778 South Xavier Street  
Denver 19, Colorado  
Watch this space for our new headquarters.

**ST. LOUIS SILENT CLUB, INC.**  
3517A North Grand Avenue—St. Louis 7, Mo.  
Sunday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday  
VISITORS WELCOME  
James Alsip, President — Ed Carney, Secretary

When in Toronto, Welcome to—  
**TORONTO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF**  
734 Yonge Street  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada  
Open Fridays, Saturdays, and Sunday Evenings  
—Also on Holidays—

**UNION LEAGUE OF THE DEAF, INC.**  
228 West 71st Street  
New York 23, N. Y.  
Open Daily from Noon till Midnight  
David A. Davidowitz, President  
Max J. Cohen, Secretary

**WICHITA ASSOCIATION FOR THE DEAF**  
930½ W. Douglas (I.O.O.F. Hall)  
Wichita, Kansas  
Open 2nd and 4th Saturday Eves. each Month  
Pauline Conwell, Secretary  
Visitors Welcome